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THEOSOPHY

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT, THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY,

THE STUDY OF OCCULT SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY
WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

VOLUME XII: No. 5.

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E. T. Hargrove, Editor.

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With the promotion of brotherhood as our chief aim it must follow that THEOSOPHY is above all things *tolerant*. Points of agreement between the great religions and philosophies of the world require emphasizing. For centuries points of difference have been sought and enlarged upon. That no man can understand one religion thoroughly without an acquaintance with some of the other faiths of the world, has been the verdict of all great thinkers. The same law applies to philosophy and science. No race, sect, or age, can have the monopoly of Truth. We therefore encourage research into ancient as well as modern religions, philosophies and sciences, believing that this will result in a deeper understanding of the nature of man and the universe and a more tolerant view of matters in general.

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All writers who are in sympathy with the above objects are invited to contribute articles. Signed articles will not be editorially endorsed unless otherwise stated, for we are convinced that as free a discussion as possible of these important subjects will be of immense value to our readers.

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No man can safely speak but he that can willingly hold his peace.—The Imitation of Christ. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

THEOSOPHY.

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VISIONS OF A LIFE.*

PART II.

Our whole happiness and power of energetic action in this world depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud; content to see it opening here and closing there; rejoicing to catch, through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied. —RUSKIN.

LITTLE Kathie and her grandfather went into the house and were met in the hall by "grandma" who looked disturbed and said: "Why, father, how could you keep that child out in the night air? Esther and I have been so worried about her. Dear, you are spoiling her, though you may not think so. Whenever you have the care of her you never chide her, not even when she runs away to the woods. She never appears to realize that she should be in the house a moment unless it is at night time to sleep. All she seems to care for is to teach Horace his letters, ride the horse Jerry, boy fashion; climb fences, and row her boat. Dunn has been up the road and all through the fields looking for her. I suppose you found her in her favorite place in the woods, with the pet squirrel and Ringold. I must say I do not like the idea of her going out there alone."

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"Don't you fret about me, grandma dear," said Kathie, as she nestled up to her side and patted her hand. "I am never alone; the squirrels, the birds and the trees are always there and we have lots of fun talking together. Yes, grandma, the trees do talk, and the leaves whisper to me. They make real, sweet music. Then there's the big rock; I can hear the bells ringing inside. Truly, truly, grandma, I am never alone out there. The music I hear sounds ever so much better than Dunn makes, when she sings 'There is a fountain filled with blood.'"

"Silence, child. Father, how can you smile when Kathie makes such queer speeches. Come, darling, it's time for you to go to bed. Run and find Dunn and she will give you your supper. You must be up bright and early to-morrow morning, for you are going to Sunday school with aunt Esther."

As soon as Kathie had left the room the grandfather, grandmother and aunt seated themselves in the back parlor, where the bible was read by the old gentleman, also the Commentaries, as was his usual custom before tea was served. While the reading was going on, which was somewhat slow and lengthy, the aunt yawned and looked hungry and restless, while the grandmother steadily watched the clock, which kept up its monotonous tick, tick, in such a slow and aggravating way.

After tea was finished and home matters had been discussed, including the anticipated return of Kathie's father and mother from their long journey, everyone suddenly became quiet. There was something in the old man's face that made one hesitate to break the silence. Yes, his mind was burdened. Kathie was such a mystery even to him. It was quite clear that none of the family understood her as well as he did. The odd story about the strange companion who had visited her, and the joy that seemed to be in her little heart and voice as she described him. "Come to think of it," he said half aloud to himself, "she is not like the rest of the children, even in appearance; she looks for all the world like an Indian, with her big, brown eyes, olive skin and straight black hair. How I wish I knew what was best for the child. I never have the heart to check her when she is telling me those strange stories, for everything she says seems to bear the stamp of truth. All I can do is to watch over her and trust for a higher power to guide me. Well, I'll go to bed and see if I cannot sleep out this troublesome problem. Kathie has the notion that in sleep we are instructed. How often have I heard her say, when I was in doubt about anything: 'grandpa, look into the darkness for the light—shut your ears to hear—close your eyes to see. Now grandpa dear, 'use your inside

eyes and you will always find the path.' I think the little one means that: 'if thine eye be single thy body shall be full of light.' "

Brightening up with this thought he arose and left the room, seemingly quite forgetful of the presence of the others.

Early the next morning Kathie came tripping out on to the lawn with a doll in one hand, while the other held a box of paints and a tiny bell. Her face was beaming with expectancy, for she had laid awake half the night, thinking of what a happy time she would have telling her grandfather about her strange journey in the clouds the day before, with her wise companion.

"Well, Miss Kathie yo is here, shure enuff; yo looks mighty pert an' glad, yo dues. I reckon it's kase yer gwine go to Sunday-school to-day? Chicken, yo cant tote dat doll an' dem udder tings to Sunday-school; yo better go back an' spill 'em on th' verandy, for Miss Esther is mos' ready an' she don' wait fer nothin', she dont. It 'pears like she comes out boss every time, jess as she did about yer gwine to Sunday-school—howsumeber th' ole gemmen did arger dat it was too soon fer yo to go to a school of 'ligion. My 'pinion is he don' want yo never to go to Sunday-school."

This faithful old colored servant, Horace, felt himself to be Kathie's special protector and guide; he had a way of expressing himself very freely wherever her interests were concerned. Though born and raised in Virginia he had become attached to his northern home and to the family with whom he lived. His devotion to Kathie's father, who had been an officer in the army, and whose body-servant he was during the war, led him to leave his southern home and follow the fortunes of his new master.

Sunday-school! The thought of having to go there had made Kathie very unhappy. She remembered what her little cousin, who went every Sunday, had told her, that it was awfully tiresome, for the teacher said so many things you couldn't understand and the music always made her feel so sorry; and then, to think of it, they told her that God was a great big man up in the sky, who loved little children when they were good, but if they were naughty sent them away to a black place to be burnt up!

"Come, honey; cheer up, chile. Don' look so onhappy about gwine down dere. I kinder feels it in my bones dat sumfin is gwine to happen. Who knows but dat dere might come a streak o' lightnin' an' knock de roof offen de place. Belzebub an' Bell Taber is gittin' mighty resless. I spec' dey feels sumfin rong. I shouldn't wonder ef de git it into dere heads to run off an' smash de kerridge clean to pieces and frow Miss Esther off o' her set plan, what aint

right, no way yo can make it. Don' git skeered, honey, ise jist 'sposin'—dat's all. If we all fell out, you an' me would fall on sof' grass anyhow, 'cause we'se in de right."

Just at this moment the aunt came out and led Kathie with a triumphant air to the carriage and off they went down the road past the green fields and wooded hills to the quaint old New England town of B——. All the way, the aunt sat erect and prim, earnestly reading her prayer-book, now and then looking out of the corner of her eye, to see how Kathie accepted the situation. She, poor child, was quietly petting her doll and saying: "We both wish very hard that the strange man will come and keep us from going to Sunday-school."

The church was soon reached and as they were about to enter, they were approached by an old friend of the family, Miss Anne Barnett, a most unique and interesting character. She was known for miles around for her devotion and kindness to the sick and poor; a striking personality, tall and graceful, neither young nor old; a woman of refinement and culture. Her face, beautiful in its spirituality and dignity, lent an indescribable charm to her appearance. Miss Barnett looked troubled. In a hesitating manner she accosted the aunt and said: "My dear friend Esther, you and I have been friends ever since we were little children and you know that you and Kathie's mother have been like sisters to me; so you will forgive me for what I am about to say—I am impelled to do it. Do you, Esther, realize what you are doing in taking the responsibility of directing Kathie's religious thought; may you not be changing the whole course of her life, contrary to what is best for her? I have learned to love the child and in our intercourse it always seemed to me that there was some great force guiding her life in the right direction. She has often, in her childish prattle, talked with a knowledge beyond her years. Then, the expression of her eyes, Esther! How often have I thought when looking at them, that there was an old soul looking out at me. You smile, because it brings up that unpleasant subject which you and I have spent so many hours discussing—reincarnation. You cannot accept it. I do not ask you to, but I do beg of you to turn back with Kathie. Her life is bound to be a sad one at best. She has her lessons to learn as well as we, but her soul should not be fettered with the teachings of creeds and dogmas." Anne's voice was soft and low, full of tender pleading, and as she stood there she looked like one inspired.

There was a momentary silence and the aunt turned away from the church. Her face grew pale and it was evident that she was

startled by something she had seen. Kathie pulled her aunt's dress and said softly: "Don't be afraid aunty, dear, I know what it is. See, it's gone now."

Then in an awed and impressive tone she said: "When he bowed his head and smiled, he meant Miss Barnett was right."

Without further words they went to the carriage and drove homewards, while the few people standing about the church-door looked at each other, wondering at such a strange proceeding.

Miss Barnett and the aunt sat in the back seat in the carriage and kept up a continuous conversation. Kathie and Horace were on the front seat, whispering about something that seemed to make them very happy. "Kathie, chile," said Horace, "didn't I done tole yo' dat sumfin would happen? And shore enuff it has, an' nobody's don got hurt. I think it was a special act o' providence dat Miss Barnett should be on dem church steps jes as you'se gwine in de doah—ah, blessed Lord, it hab come out all right."

"You dear foolish old Horace; why don't you say the 'blessed law'? Don't you remember that grandpa said it's no big man that makes things go right, but the law does it?"

Just then they arrived at the gate and Kathie jumped out and gathering up her playthings from the veranda, rushed down to join her grandfather, whom she had seen on the bank of the river. As soon as she was seated and had recovered her breath, she commenced to tell him of all that had happened to her that morning,—how "dear darling Miss Anne Barnett had pulled her out of the Sunday school, just as Ringold did the day she fell into the water from the big rock up in the woods."

Her grandfather's eyes told the story of his joy as he stroked the little one's head lovingly. Next came the vivid description of the journey with the strange companion she had taken in the clouds the day before. As she was about to explain, with her paints and bell, how the colors and sounds worked together up in the clouds, she suddenly stopped and said: "Be quiet, grandpa; keep Ringold still; don't you see it is the strange man?" In a moment, the atmosphere and everything about became transformed. The sounds that she had heard the day before returned. The great boulder to the left of the rock upon which she sat assumed the form of a man's head; the bank of the river seemed to cave in and slowly moved down to the level of the river. Ringold, who was sleeping under the tree, became changed to a camel, and as Kathie followed with her eyes a shadow that moved towards the water she felt a strange tremor; the same unspeakable joy and gladness of yesterday came back to her, but this time, instead of feeling herself a ball of light

and force, she was something else, much larger. She was attracted to the water, and looking into it she saw a form mirrored there, not her own, but that of a tall, dark-skinned Egyptian. She felt her hands, and they were large. So were her feet, and there were sandals on them: no longer was she little Kathie, but another. The memory of her grandfather, her home and all that had happened was fading away, and holding her hand was the friend of yesterday. Slowly she felt the weight of her body growing lighter and lighter, moving along out in the air. Without words the wise man seemed to say to her: "Trust, trust, little heart, for fear will make thy feet like lead, and thou wilt lose the way."

P.

(To be continued.)

"Tell brave deeds of war."

Then they recounted tales,—
"There were stern stands
And bitter runs for glory."

Ah! I think there were braver deeds.

STEPHEN CRANE, *The Black Riders.*

A CONSCIOUS UNIVERSE.

BY J. A. ANDERSON, M.D., F. T. S.

TO the materialist, the universe is force-pervaded matter; to the occultist, embodied consciousness. To the former, form is but the fortuitous result of non-intelligent force taking the direction of the least resistance; to the latter, consciousness seeking expression through matter by directing force to this end. The method of the one must, therefore, radically differ from that of the other whenever a study of nature is attempted. Let us look at the universe for a few moments from the view-point of the occultist.

Since the universe is embodied consciousness, or consciousness veiled by, and seeking to express itself through, matter, the unveiling of Isis, or Nature, can only be accomplished through the disembodiment of consciousness, or by consciousness doubling upon itself, so to speak, and retracing its pathways to that divine Source from which it departed upon its infinite journey through Time and Space. For while matter may not be ignored (being in essence as divine and as eternal as consciousness), in this study it is of importance only as an index to the consciousness of which it is the expression. Indeed, matter, *per se*, cuts but a sorry figure from either the occult or the materialistic standpoint. Force is the aspect of nature in which materialism seeks to find the solution of the problems of existence, and idealistic materialists (to label them accurately) have already pushed matter off the stage of the universe, and define atoms, for example, as whirling centres of force, acting in a medium which, whatever else it may be, certainly can not be material. The occultist, however, affirms that force is but the intelligent action of consciousness upon matter, and relegates it, with the latter, to a position of secondary importance in the study of natural phenomena.

A study of the universe, then, is a study of consciousness. If it be attempted, it must be with one central truth kept clearly in mind at all times, viz.: All the conscious states which man perceives, or ever can perceive, are contained within himself. Not to nature, magnificently grand though it may appear, must the seeker after truth turn; but to the mysteries of his own being. For the universe to each individual is but his conscious perception of it; his expression in terms of self-consciousness of the forces from without which act and react upon his centre of consciousness. He translates these vibrations which reach him into sound, color, or

what not; but he has no measure to determine whether or not he has translated them correctly except the slowly and painfully acquired data of actual experience.

Experience alone develops, or evolves, within man the conscious states with which he endows that which he perceives as his Not-Me. This Not-Me, or outer nature, however real it may be in its own essence, to man is but an illusion spread out in the inner darkness of his physical brain, given form, color, texture, location, and all the various qualities of matter, by the supreme, creative act of his own god-like and god-derived human soul. This is not to assert that the universe does not really exist (as maintained by some Idealists), but that we do not perceive it outside of ourselves in the manner in which we fancy we do. The perception is entirely internal. There is, however, a mechanical or physical relation between the outer universe and the inner observer, and we have, for this cause, no reason for doubting that that which we perceive has really the form and texture, and other qualities, with which we endow it, although all these may be (and are) only rates or modes of vibration. This relation is best exemplified in vision, which in the anterior eye is purely mechanical, and may be corrected where faulty and vastly added to by mechanical means. Were there not a real correspondence between that which is perceived interiorly and that which exists exteriorly this relation would be impossible.

But all these vibrations which man recognizes, and by means of which he constructs interiorly his outer universe, have been experienced consciously by him in the past. His centre of consciousness (or soul) has been clothed by their "matter"; he has *been* such states of consciousness as he recognizes, else would recognition be impossible. Within the silence and darkness of its physical brain the soul reconstructs its old universe so far as it has been an integral portion of that universe, but no farther. That which the soul has not experienced is non-existent to it until it is added to its conscious area by this method. By experience alone the universe deepens and broadens, which process constitutes the real evolution of the soul, together with at least a logical reason for its existence and obligatory journey through the cycle of necessity.

A basic conscious state is that of life—of being, or existence. With this consciousness the soul endows every object which it perceives, without exception. Indeed, perception itself is the declaration of the soul that the thing exists. It may recognize that the object perceived lacks a state of consciousness which it itself possesses, and, as the result of faulty reasoning alone, pronounce it "dead," but the act of perception itself rebukes this false and igno-

rant assertion. So long as a thing exists, so long is it emitting those living vibrations which enable the perceiver to recognize it. Matter which seems "dead" is in reality vibrating with the most intense life. It is a portion of infinite consciousness, peacefully, joyously, contentedly, thrilling with the profound feeling of existence. Such apparently dead matter, too, represents the strength, the stability, the purpose, of the eternal mind.

In this feeling of life, all other states of consciousness find their root and rest upon it as their stable basis. To him who recognizes this, the universe takes on a new meaning—becomes vibrant with strength, beauty, harmony, *life*. Dead matter does not exist; the disintegration of form, which man mistakes for death, is but a removal of the life consciousness to other planes of being; it can never be destroyed. This state of consciousness is the eternal warrant of continuous existence; the promise and prophecy that the soul may one day realize all, and more, than it has ever dreamed of as the result of evolutionary processes. The granite mountains, the pulsing oceans, the circling suns, are its exemplars; their (to man's view) unchanging consciousness is the testimony of eternal duration.

So many æons of time have passed since the consciousness of the soul was identified and identical with this sublime consciousness of life that it has passed from its self-conscious memory; but each time the scenes of nature are portrayed to its inner vision, the old record is unconsciously recalled, and the soul is repeating its experiences when it was conscious of nothing but the thrilling vibrations of Life, as the waves of Being ebbed and flowed against the shores of its new, conditioned existence. Of this olden experience man constructs his present universe; because of it, he recognizes the infinite life without as well as within.

In other æons of conscious experiences, there arose within this all pervading life-consciousness the consciousness of Desire. This is the state of consciousness which dominates the human soul at present almost wholly. The cycle of necessity has whirled experience after experience before its dawning vision, until, bewildered by the swiftly passing panorama, the eternal Witness has identified itself with that which it witnesses. It believes its one drop to be separated from the great ocean of life, and clings desperately to the transient form in which this chances to be manifesting. The joyous consciousness of universal life has been bartered for its fleeting manifestation in an animal body; the fatal illusion of separateness has fallen upon the soul; it rages for the continued experience of its present sensuous existence.

But again the student has to be reminded that all this sea of passion, of vice and crime, of woe and sorrow, of delusion and desire, exists within himself. Out of its old experiences, the soul reconstructs and correctly translates its psychic, as truly as of its physical experiences it interprets its physical world. Unaided by actual experience, it would be as irresponsive to the vibrations of desire and passion as the physical eye is to the Roentgen ray. All the woe it knows is felt within its own being; all its joys are experienced within the same unfathomable recesses. The god-like soul within is taking the web of the differing vibrations coming from the outer world and weaving into it the woof of conscious states—translating these vibrations into terms of its own conscious experience. Had it never known grief itself, sorrow for it would be an unmeaning word; had it never known joy, rejoicing would be equally meaningless.

It is exceedingly difficult to realize that *all* that happens to the soul happens within; that its conscious world is within, and not without; that all this fleeting show which seems to be external is really enacted in the silent places of one's own being. But once realized, the universe again broadens, and life takes on still a newer meaning. For if man's conscious universe be within,—be his own creation, whether voluntarily or passively—then it cannot be taken from him, and eternal life is assured. The vehicle by means of which he receives vibrations which relate him to any particular plane of nature may be destroyed, but all that perishes is his relation with that portion of the universe; his power to create for himself "a new heaven and a new earth" is undiminished. A knowledge of this fact makes the after-death states clear and philosophical. They are only the soul using the same powers which it exercises at every moment of its so called waking life. Only from want of sufficient experience (but experience which it is rapidly attaining) its universe is after death entirely self-constructed; the soul no longer responds to vibrations from without; they are practically non-existent to it. When the potentiality of responding to these inner-external vibrations shall have been evolved, in the crucible of experience, into potencies, man will be self-conscious after "death," and death for him will have eternally passed away.

The most kingly, most divine, of these interior states is that of reason. Reason is the god within exercising his god-like functions—creating, like Brahm, his universe out of a portion of himself, and enjoying the delight of that creation. Here man is at one with God; thinking is creating; by means of thought he becomes the microcosm of the great macrocosm. Grant that the outer uni-

verse is the thought of mightier creative beings than he; in his inner power to reconstruct it for his own bliss, man exercises the same kingly power; the difference is one of degree, not of kind. Nor is he limited to this inner exercise of the creative power. Even now from outer nature he constructs that wonderful microcosm of the universe, his body, and the day awaits him when he shall also construct his macrocosm, for in that day he will have become one with the Creative Gods.

But this creative energy is but one aspect of thought—the objective, or most material. Subjectively, reason seeks ever for truth, —a more God-like power than even creating form. (Thought and reason are synonyms; or, it may be, reason is the potency, thought its active exercise.) It is this power by means of which the soul takes new experience and by relating it to the old, deduces something of its true nature and meaning. It may err—reason continually errs—but this is not the point; the *ability to reason from the known to the unknown* is the all-important faculty, and ten million errors cannot lessen nor dim the marvel or wonder of it. It is the finite god within seeking by means of its own inherent majesty to rebecome the Infinite from which it emanated. It is finite only because of material bonds; it is a bound Samson in the temple of the material world, which it will one day overthrow.

For when the soul through reason has found the truth it eternally recognizes it; it becomes a portion of its being; the pilgrim has won another step upward on his pathway to the gods. This essence of its experiences thus stored away men call wisdom; the exercising of this wisdom is seen in intuition. Reason has patiently thought out the truths contained in the infinite experiences of the soul; they have become a portion of its unchanging self. They constitute intuition. But in intuition man rebecomes God, for God is Truth. So man may not say that his intuitions are his own; they belong to the Universal and Eternal. No longer may he dare say that his conscious universe is within (for this is that which perhaps makes him finite). He knows the Within and Without in their true essence, for they are but ONE.

So the soul sits within, clothed in the robes of eternal Substance, out of which it eternally weaves the transient, changing garments of matter which relate it to lower, phenomenal worlds. These come and go, and their coming and going produce the transient joys and sorrows of its material existences because it is blinded by the illusions of matter to its own divine and kingly nature. When the soul shall have learned to recognize that it is not the body, that the roar of the senses concern it not, that the desires, appetites and passions

which now dominate it are not its own, but those of the body, that the latter must be made an obedient, useful servant, instead of the impulsive ruler which it now is, then will the woes of material life pass away, and its transient joys be estimated at their true value. The soul will then turn from the fleeting and mutable world of flesh to the eternal, immutable worlds of spirit. With infinite pain and travail, it has related itself by means of its self-constructed body to this material world ; the task which now confronts it is to conquer this, to wrest from nature the secrets which she holds for it, and to use the knowledge so attained as stepping stones to diviner worlds and to more god-like states of consciousness. Happy is the soul who has reached the point where it recognizes that it is but a spectator, where it can look upon the storms of passionate existence upon earth unconcerned as to the result. Truly, to such a soul death comes not, for it lives upon the stable, unchanging planes of true Being ; it has reached the Place of Peace ; its long, weary exile at end forevermore.

JEROME A. ANDERSON.

RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VI.—THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.

PART IV.—THE DUSK OF THE GODS.

Moreover, the power that works for evil, the real bane of (*i. e.*, that poisons) Love, condenses itself into the *Gold* robbed from Nature and misused, the Nibelung's Ring. The Curse that cleaves thereto is not dispelled ere it is given again to Nature, the Gold plunged back into the Rhine. . . . All is *experience*. Nor is Siegfried, taken alone (the male alone), the perfect Man : only with Brynhild becomes he the redeemer. *One* cannot do all ; it needs the plural; and the suffering, self-offering woman becomes at last the true, the open-eyed redemptrix : for Love, in truth, is the "Eternal Womanly" itself. . . . However, to summarize the thing, I ask you : Can you figure to yourself a *moral action* otherwise than under the idea of *Renunciation?* And what is the highest holiness, *i. e.*, complete Redemption, but the adoption of this principle for every action of our lives?—*Letter to August Roeckel.*

SIEGFRIED'S Death, as this, the last and most tragic section of the great Tetralogy, was originally called, was really the first part of the story which Wagner cast into dramatic form. But he saw in working it out that its deeply stirring interest and enormous import needed a setting forth of earlier causes in order to make the meaning clear. Thus it came about that, working backwards, the poet-musician unfolded the tale to the point where

we see in the theft of Alberich, the cause of Siegfried's death at the hand of the Nibelung's son Hagen. Let us not lose sight of the elements of the "Eternal Manly" (Will, Force and Intellect) and the "Eternal Womanly," (Endurance, Love and Intuition) which one sees embodied again and again in the characters of these four dramas until they find their noblest expression in the union of

RICHARD WAGNER.

(We are indebted to the Musical Courier, New York, for this excellent portrait.)

Siegfried and Brynhild—a union which (as Brynhild foresaw) means death to them both, but in that death, VICTORY and REDEMPTION.

The Dusk of the Gods is ushered in by the sorrowful song of the three Norns (Goddesses of Fate and Daughters of Erda), as they weave the Cord of Fate and tell the story of the past on the Valkyrie's Rock. In the background is the yellow glow of the fire.

The first Norn tells of the World's Ash Tree on whose verdant branches they once weaved the Cord of Fate. From its roots there welled forth a stream of purest knowledge.

A fearless god
Sought to drink of the fount,
*Giving up an eye**
To buy the ineffable boon.

Then from the Ash-Tree, Wotan broke off a branch to serve as the shaft of his all-ruling spear. The Tree, thus wounded, withered and died; the Fount of Knowledge ceased to flow.

Dark with sorrow
Waked then my song.
I weave again
At the World's Ash Tree no more,
So must the Fir Tree
Find me support for the Cord.

Then the second Norn relates how Wotan carved on his spear the Runes of Bargain, and the fearless Hero he had created cut it in twain. How he then summoned his heroes to fell the Ash Tree and gather the wood into faggots. Now, sings the third Norn, he sits in Valhalla, surrounded by gods and heroes, with the faggots piled around its walls. When the wood takes fire, then will begin the dusk of the gods. By the power of his spear he chained the Fire God to the Valkyrie's Rock. One day he will thrust the splintered spear shaft into Loke's smouldering breast, and cast the burning brand into the heap which surrounds Valhalla.

The night is waning and the Cord gets tangled and frayed, as the Norns tell of Alberich's theft and his awful Curse. Suddenly it breaks, and tying the pieces round their bodies they disappear, crying:

Here ends all our wisdom!
The world knows
Our wise words no more.
Away! To Mother! Away!

As the dawn appears, Siegfried and Brynhild enter from the Cave. He is in full armor and she leads her horse Grane, saying, "What worth were my love for thee if I sent thee not forth to shape fresh deeds? *Only the fear that thou hast not won enough of my worth* makes me hesitate." Then, as if sensing the future, she utters these solemn and beautiful words:

* Remember that this eye (the eye of spiritual vision) was afterwards regained by Siegfried when he had slain the Dragon. (See note to *Siegfried*, *ante* p. 56.)

Think of the oaths which unite us,
Think of the faith we bear,
Think of the love we feel ;
Then will Brynhild always burn
In thy heart as a holy thing.

As token of this love Siegfried gives her the Ring—that dread symbol of selfish power which still holds Alberich's Curse. In return she gives him her horse, Grane, who is fearless as Siegfried himself. Now he recognizes that it is from her he gets his power and virtue :

Thy noble steed bestriding
And with thy sheltering shield,
Now Siegfried am I no more :
I am but as Brynhild's arm !

Whilst Brynhild's parting words remind him of their essential unity :

So art thou Siegfried and Brynhild.—
. . . . . .
O ye holy powers above us
Watch o'er this devoted pair !
Though apart, who can divide us ?
Though divided, we are one !

Can we not hear those beautiful lines from the *Dream of Ravan*—

Before all time—beyond—beside,
Thou rememberest her eternally,
For she is thy spirit's primeval bride,
The complement of thy unity,
Joined or dissevered, averted or fond,
'Twixt her and thee an eternal bond
Exists, which tho' ye were to seek,
Ye cannot ever, ever break—
A bond from which there is no freeing,
Since the typal spirit never
From its antitype can sever,
She is a portion of thy being
To all eternity.

Let the mind go back over this beautiful story of our forefathers which Wagner devoted the flower of his life-energy to forcing into the hearts of a cold, unbrotherly generation—the story of the loving care and protection of Brynhild for Siegfried, even before he came into objective being, and of her sacrifice of godhood in order to become united with him, teach him her wisdom, and so produce "The perfect Man, the Man-God, who is higher than the Angels." It is

the self-sacrificing love of the "Inner God" for its Human Reflection, here throwing a beautiful and ennobling light on the higher and more real aspects of human relationship.

To the soul, newly united to its divine nature, there now comes a final trial, and his safety will depend on his keeping the remembrance of that divinity within his heart. Here it is that we shall see the last terrible result of the Nibelung's Curse. In order to understand clearly the complicated action which follows it will be well to roughly indicate the grouping of the good and evil forces as the various embodiments of the Will and Intellect of Wotan and the Wisdom and Love of Erda. The diagram must therefore not be taken in the ordinary sense of a genealogical tree.

With the parting of Siegfried and Brynhild the Epilogue closes and we are introduced to the Hall of the Gibichungs on the banks of the Rhine, where Hagen, the anger-begotten son of "Love's dark enemy," is plotting to get the Ring from Siegfried. His tools are the Gibichungs, Gunther and his sister Gutrune. It is interesting to note that they are the half-blood relations of Hagen, and they stand midway between the good and evil forces as shown in the foregoing diagram. To the vain and ambitious Gunther the evil half-brother holds out the prospect of winning more power and wisdom by wedding the maiden who dwells on the fire-girt rock. But only Siegfried, greatest of heroes, can pass through the fire; how then can Gunther win her? Hagen forthwith unfolds his crafty plan: Gunther shall give Siegfried a drink which shall cause him to forget Brynhild and fall in love with Gutrune. While they plot Siegfried's horn is heard on the Rhine and he enters in search of Gunther. The Drink of Forgetfulness is offered to him by Gutrune, and, accepting it, he immediately falls in love with her. Turning to Gunther he asks if he is married; Gunther replies that he is not and that he wishes to espouse Brynhild. Siegfried, at the mention of that name, shows that the Drink of Forgetfulness has done its

double work and he has lost all memory of his holy love. Not only so, but he now enters into the rite of Blood-Brotherhood with Gunther, and undertakes with the aid of the Farn-helm or Helmet of Concealment to take Gunther's form and win Brynhild for him. We may here quote Wagner's comment on this, and the closely allied drama of *Tristan and Isolde* which he wrote during the greater labors of the Ring. "Both Siegfried and Tristan, in bondage to an illusion* which makes this deed of theirs unfree, woo for another their own eternally predestined bride, and in the false relation hence arising find their doom."

Meanwhile Brynhild is visited by her sister-Valkyrie, Valtranta, who in agitated and sorrowful tones tells her how Wotan sits silent and grave in Valhalla's halls, and has sent forth his two ravens to bring him tidings of the end:

Unto his breast
Weeping I pressed me;
His brooding then broke;—
And his thoughts turned, Brynhild, to thee!
Deep sighs he uttered,
Closed his eyelids,
As he were dreaming,
And uttered these words:
"The day the Rhine's three daughters
Gain by surrender from her the Ring
From the Curse's load
Released are gods and men!"

But merely to preserve the old order of things—the pomp and selfish rest of Valhalla and the gods—Brynhild will not renounce the Ring, and sends Valtranta away in despair. Wagner's explanation to his friend, August Roeckel, who could not fathom his deep meaning, throws the necessary light on this:

"Let me say a further word about Brynhild. Her, also, you misjudge, when you call her refusal to make away the Ring to Wotan hard and perverse. Have you not seen how Brynhild cut herself from Wotan and all the gods for sake of *Love*, because—where Wotan harbored plans—she simply loved? After Siegfried fully woke her, she has had no other knowledge saving that of Love. Now—since Siegfried sped from her—the symbol of this Love is—the *Ring*. When Wotan demands it of her, nothing rises to her mind but the cause of her severance from Wotan (because

* The illusion of matter, here represented by the Gibichungs, Hagen and the Curse of the Ring. In *Tristan* it is represented by King Mark for whom Tristan wooes Isolde.

she dealt from Love) ; and only one thing knows she still, that she has renounced all godhood for Love's sake. But she knows that Love is the only godlike thing ; so, let Valhalla's splendor go to ground, the Ring—her love—she will not yield. I ask you : How pitifully mean and miserly were she, if she refused to give up the Ring because she had heard (mayhap through Siegfried) of its magic and its golden might? Is *that* what you seriously would attribute to this glorious woman? If, however, you shudder to think of her seeing in that *Cursed Ring* the symbol of true Love, you will feel precisely what I meant you to, and will recognize the power of the Nibelung's Curse at its most fearful, its most tragic height : then will you fully comprehend the necessity of the whole last drama, *Siegfried's Death*. That is what we still had to witness, to fully realize the evil of the Gold."

Here we can plainly see that the Curse is now blinding even Brynhild, and she fails to see that Love, renounced by Alberich in the lowest depths to gain selfish power, must now be renounced by her in its highest form *as a personal possession* if the Curse is to be redeemed. It is the terrible results which follow this last and highest form of Desire that force Brynhild to realize the necessity for executing Wotan's last wish. For be it remembered that, in Wagner's own words, "Wotan soars to the tragic height of willing his own undoing."

Now comes the most awful scene in this dark tragedy. Brynhild hears the notes of Siegfried's horn and eagerly awaits his coming, when lo ! to her astonishment and terror a strange form appears through the fire, announces himself as Gunther, and claims her as wife. In vain she holds up the ring to protect herself ; he wrests from her the treasured love-token and takes her to the real Gunther, who waits without. "Why does Brynhild so speedily submit to the disguised Siegfried?" continues Wagner in his letter. "Just because he had torn from her the *Ring*, in which alone she treasured up her strength. The terror, the dæmoniacal, of the whole scene has entirely escaped you. Through the flames foredoomed for Siegfried alone to pass, the fire which experience has shown that he alone *could* pass, there strides to her—with small ado—an 'other.' The ground reels beneath Brynhild's feet, the world is out of joint ; in a terrible struggle she is overpowered, she is 'forsaken by God.' Moreover it is *Siegfried*, in reality, whom (unconsciously—but all the more bewilderingly) despite his mask, she—almost—recognizes by his flashing eye. (You feel it, here passes something quite '*unspeakable*,' and therefore you are very wrong to call me to account for it in speech !)"

Once more we return to the banks of the Rhine. It is still night, and Alberich, ever on the watch to regain his lost booty, is holding conclave with his son. The pale moonlight dimly reveals the evil pair :

Yet potent hatred
I planted, Hagen,
In thee, my avenger :—
To win me the Ring,
Thou'llt vanquish Volsung and Wotan.
Swear to me, Hagen, my son?

Hagen gives the required oath. The rising sun reveals Siegfried returning alone from the Valkyrie's Rock. Questioned by Hagen and Gutrune, he relates the horrible night's work and how he brought Brynhild to the real Gunther :

When shore was near,
Flash !—in shape
Reversed were Gunther and I.
Then by the helmet's virtue,
Wishing I hither flew.
By hast'ning wind impelled,
The pair up the river come.

The two falsely-matched couples meet. Brynhild, with terror and amaze, recognizes Siegfried. Almost fainting she falls into the unconscious hero's arms, murmuring, "Siegfried —— knows me not!" Mark the growing horror of this intensely dramatic crisis ; for, as Siegfried points to her supposed husband Gunther, in a flash she sees the Ring on his finger. Starting forward, "with fearful impetuosity," she exclaims : "Ha ! That Ring upon his hand ! His ——? Siegfried's ——?" Struggling to repress the storm of emotion which rises within her, she imperiously demands of Gunther an explanation. But Gunther, puzzled, knows nothing of it. Then, turning frantically on Siegfried, she accuses him of the heartless theft, denied in all unconsciousness by the hero, who, under the spell of the magic drink, remembers naught after winning it from the Dragon. This last fearful plot of the dark powers blinds even Brynhild's sight. She does not see that Siegfried unconsciously deceived her, and calls on the Gods to avenge the wrong :

Holy Gods !
Ye heavenly guardians !
Was this indeed
Your whispered will?
Grief do ye give

Such as none ever grasped,
Shape me a shame
No mortal has shared?
Vouchsafe revenge then
Like none ever viewed,—
Rouse me to wrath
Such as none can arrest!
Here let Brynhild's
Heart straight be broken
If he who wronged her
May but be wrecked.

Straightway she declares that Siegfried is her true husband, and he is accused of breaking his oath of Blood-Brotherhood with Gunther. On the spear-point offered by the plotter Hagen he swears:

Where steel e'er can strike me;
Strike thou at me:
Where'er death can be dealt me
Deal it to me,
If she really is wronged—
If I have injured my friend.

And on this fateful point Brynhild also swears:

I sanctify thy strength
To his destruction!
And I bless thy blade, withal,
That it may blight him;
For broken are all of his oaths,
And perjured now doth he prove.

Horrible is the delusion which besets this hapless pair. Brynhild dimly feels it, and, as Siegfried and Gutrune depart, she murmurs in bewilderment:

What infernal craft
Can here be hidden?
. . . . . .
What can all my runes do
Against this riddle?

Now the arch-plotter Hagen, watching his opportunity, learns from her that she had made Siegfried invulnerable except in his back, since she well knew that he would never turn it to an enemy. "There," says Hagen, "shall he be speared." Thus is the plot completed for the Hero's death.

BASIL CRUMP.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THREE OBJECTS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D., F.T.S.

I. UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

THE first and main object of the Theosophical Society and the one to which the other two objects are only subsidiary, is the formation of a nucleus for the practical carrying out of the idea of universal brotherhood, irrespective of any dogma, creed, religious belief or opinion whatsoever; and the only thing which the Theosophical Society as such demands of its members, is that each shall grant to the opinion of others the same amount of tolerance that he claims for his own. However opinions may differ in regard to different subjects, and however much the members may discuss these differences of opinion and try to convince each other of what each believes to be true, or to demolish erroneous theories, there ought to be amongst them that harmony of soul-union, which springs from the recognition of the one certain fact that we are all manifestations of the one great divine spirit, in whom we all dwell and live and have our being and who lives and dwells and strives for manifestation in us.

Owing to the many misconceptions existing within and without the ranks of the Theosophical Society in regard to its nature and object, this non-dogmatic and unsectarian character of the Society can hardly be asserted and insisted on with sufficient emphasis. The idea of a society having no dogma and no creed is too grand to be grasped by the average mind accustomed to see itself surrounded by innumerable circles, each of which has a certain accepted thought, but no real self-knowledge for its centre. The idea of universal brotherhood is no theory, it springs from no inferential knowledge based upon appearances; it arises from the recognition of the truth, that God is one in all, and this recognition is not a theory worked out by the brain, but a self-evident truth, clear to the soul in which it has become manifest. It is not a matter of mere belief or philosophical speculation, but a matter of understanding; it is not an idea to be invented, but an eternal truth which is to be grasped, and which must be felt by the heart before it can be realized by the brain. There is nothing in the constitution of the Theosophical Society which requires us to believe in any particular doctrine or in the infallibility of any person; nothing is asked of

any member except tolerance. He who is tolerant is loyal to the constitution of the Society and loyal to the principle upon which that Society rests; he who is intolerant is not loyal to that principle and acts against the object of the Society, and cannot be a true member of it, even if he were to be regarded by the public as necessary to its existence.

The Society has no adopted belief, nor can it ever have one without deserting its character as a theosophical society and taking a place among the many sects and societies crystallized around this or that theory or opinion. Even if some such theory were believed in by all the members, it could not become a dogma of the Society without destroying its character. If for instance the doctrine of Reincarnation—of the truth of which I am myself convinced—were to be adopted as a dogma of the Society, it would become a Society of Reincarnationists, drawing a dividing line between itself and those who did not believe in that dogma, and thus separating itself from that part of the great universal brotherhood of humanity. The word *Theosophia* means divine wisdom or the wisdom of the gods; but divine wisdom is not made up of opinions and theories, it is the recognition of absolute truth, independent of any proofs or inferences, it is soul-knowledge illumined by the higher understanding; it is enlightenment and manifests itself first of all as what is called "common sense." To those who have no wisdom the meaning of wisdom cannot be made comprehensible; those who possess it, require no further explanation of it.

According to this definition of terms, a "Theosophist" would mean a man in possession of divine wisdom. If taken in that sense, I am not presumptuous enough to claim to be a Theosophist, neither do I consider the Theosophical Society to be composed of people in possession of divine wisdom. In fact we are not a society of Theosophists, which would mean sages and saints or adepts, but merely a Theosophical Society; that is to say a society of people striving after higher knowledge or enlightenment, in the same sense as a Philosophical Society would not necessarily have to be a society composed of full-fledged philosophers.

But if a "Theosophist" means a person striving after wisdom, everybody who seeks for enlightenment is a Theosophist, whether or not he belongs to any society. In fact there are probably only a few people in the world who are not seeking or who do not believe they are seeking for light, and in this sense the whole world is striving after Theosophy. The teacher who educates the children, the preacher who presents to his congregation religious truths in a form which they are able to understand, the scientist who makes an

invention that benefits mankind, and really everybody who does something useful for humanity works for Theosophy and is carrying out the dictates of wisdom. Only those who wish for the aggrandizement of self, those who work for their personal ambition, or to put themselves in possession of riches, or to outshine the rest, are the anti-Theosophists and anti-Christs, because they work for the illusion of self and that self is the devil, the enemy of love and truth. An ignorant servant girl who sweeps the steps, so that visitors may find them clean, is a far greater Theosophist than the greatest theologian or scientist, having his brain full of theories regarding the mysteries of divinity and having no love or truth or goodness within his heart. If everybody were to know the principle upon which the Theosophical Society is based, and if the members would act according to it, there is probably not a single honest and unselfish person in the world who would not hasten to join the Society.

The attainment of wisdom means the attainment of internal development; not only intellectual and moral, but above all spiritual development. In a perfect man or woman all of his or her principles or qualities are developed in the right direction. For the purpose of becoming a prize-fighter the muscles of the body must become well developed; for the purpose of becoming a good intellectual reasoner, the intellectual faculties and reasoning powers must be developed; for the purpose of attaining divine wisdom, the spiritual and divine powers of man must become unfolded by the influence of the light of divine wisdom.

All book learning, all dogmatic belief or all the theories in the world taken together, do not constitute wisdom; nevertheless we do not object to intellectual research nor to belief in dogmas. Everything is good in its place. Grass is good for the cow and meat for the lion. We do not ask anybody to give up his or her religious belief and to become converted to Theosophy: the blind cannot be converted to seeing the light. We only advise everyone to seek for the truth within his or her own religion; and if they have found it, they will have outgrown the narrow boundaries of their system and opened their eyes to the perception of principles. We do not ask the lame to throw away the crutches by which they are enabled to walk; we only try to instruct them how to walk without crutches, and when they accomplish it, they will want these crutches no more. We cannot overcome error by ignoring it, we cannot conquer ignorance by itself, we cannot become victorious by avoiding battle; but we should not be satisfied with our errors and narrow views; we should make room for more light.

Absolute truth is one and universal; it cannot be divided and

the mind of no mortal man can grasp it as a whole. There is no bottle big enough to contain the whole ocean. But the more a man outgrows the narrow conception of self and the more his mind expands, the nearer does he come to the truth and the more will the light of truth become manifest in him; while on the other hand the more the light of truth becomes manifest in him, the more will it expand his soul and illuminate his mind, and, by helping him to outgrow the delusion of self, bring him nearer to the recognition of absolute truth, nearer to God. The great sun of divine wisdom shines into the little world, called "man," and the more the light of that sun is received by that little world, the more will the light therein grow and expand, and the two lights will thus be brought nearer to each other, until both lights blend into one. When the soul of man, the reflection of the light of divine wisdom, becomes one with the Oversoul, both will be as one. Then will the wisdom of God be the wisdom of man; there will be no extinction of individuality, but the individual soul of man will have become so great as to embrace the whole, and God and Man will be no longer separate, but one.

There is nothing in our way to the attainment of wisdom, except the love of self, and the love of self can be conquered only through unselfish acts. It is of little use to dream and talk about universal brotherhood and tolerance, if we do not practise it. An ideal will remain forever only an unattained ideal, unless we realize it by practice. When the ideal is once realized, it ceases to be a mere ideal for us and becomes a reality, and only when we begin to realize a thing can we come into possession of real knowledge in regard to it. Thus the theory must lead to the practice and without the practice the theory alone is of little value. If we practise the dictates of Universal Brotherhood, we will gradually grow up to the understanding of it and we will finally see in every being not only our brother and sister, but our own real self, which is God in All, though appearing in innumerable forms of manifestation. And having once attained through the expanding power of love that greatness of soul which constitutes the real Theosophist, there will be room for the manifestation of the light of divine wisdom, and as we enter into the wisdom of the gods, the wisdom of the gods will be our own.

FRANZ HARTMANN.

(To be continued.)

BUDDHA'S RENUNCIATION.

Being an Original Translation from the Sanskrit of *Ashvaghosha's Buddha-Charita.*

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S., F. T. S.

IT is not quite certain when the poem, from which is taken this story of The Great Renunciation, was written; but we shall go near the truth if we say it dates from about two thousand years ago. So famous was this life of the Redeemer of Asia, and so great was the honor in which its author was held, that, when the Good Law passed beyond the barrier of the Snowy Mountains that hem in India like a wall, this book, carried with them by the Buddha's followers, was translated into the tongues of northern lands, and versions of it, in both Chinese and Tibetan, are well known at the present day. These versions were made when Buddha's doctrine first penetrated to the north, and from them, more than from any other book, the ideal of Buddha, as it lives among the disciples beyond the Himalayas, was formed and confirmed.

The manuscripts of this life of Buddha, which have been brought to the west, are copies of a single original, preserved in the library at Khatmandu, the capital of Nepal; and from the same place came our earliest knowledge of Buddha's teaching, and our earliest copies of Buddhist books. Looking back to our first acquaintance with Buddhism, and calling to mind the numberless books that have been written of recent years concerning Buddha's doctrine, we cannot refrain from marvelling at the persistence with which a teaching so simple and so full of light has been so grievously misunderstood. The truth seems to be that our linguists are no philosophers, and that our philosophers are no linguists; and so, between them, they have done the doctrine of the Buddha much wrong, painting it either as a pessimism so dreary and full of gloom that we are forced to wonder whether it was worth the prince's while to leave the pleasures of his palace, even though they had begun to taste bitter-sweet in his mouth, in order to discover so lugubrious an evangel; or giving us instead, as his authentic doctrine, a nihilism so complete that it could never have brought hope or light to the most miserable wretch that breathed, and from which even its expounders turn away repelled. In short, to hear his western prophets, the Buddha's mission was a ghastly failure, his glad tidings were something darker than our darkest fears, his gospel of

hope, a confession of utter hopelessness, his renunciation made in vain.

But it is very certain that to no such doctrine as this would half the world have gladly turned, nor, in all the long years of his ministry, could one, bringing only such a message, have raised hope in a single sorrowing human heart, much less drawn after him those countless followers, the story of whose glad conversion is told in the annals of his faith.

To rid ourselves of these nightmare views of Buddhism, there is nothing like the teachings of Buddha himself, and the study of the books that have inspired his followers for twenty centuries. And in doing this, we shall be well-advised to turn first to this old Life of Buddha, written, as we have said, some two thousand years ago. Of all our western books on Buddhism, none has even rivalled the success of *The Light of Asia*, and this because the teaching put forth in it does really speak of hope and healing; does really appeal to the heart of man, as, the old traditions tell us, the spoken words of Buddha had appealed, when he first delivered his great Message, two and a half milleniums ago. The life of Buddha, one chapter of which we here translate, offers numberless most interesting points of comparison with *The Light of Asia*, and it is no disparagement of the modern poet, if we award the palm to the more ancient, as having a deeper grasp of the great Teacher's thought, a more philosophic insight, and, withal, a richer and more abundant wealth of poetry, finer beauty of imagery, and a purer and robuster style. How easy, for instance, it would have been, for a lesser poet, to have fallen into faults of corruption in that last, splendidly colored scene of Buddha's revulsion from the pleasures of life, and the supreme temptation of sensuous things. But the best comment on the poem is the poem itself.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

So he, the Shakya sovereign's son, unenslaved by things of sense, even those that are full of allurement, did not delight in them nor find contentment in his heart, like a lion pierced by a poisoned arrow. And, once on a time, with a following of the sons of the courtiers, most skillful, and of his companions eloquent, led by the desire to see the forest, and seeking pleasure there, he set forth with the permission of the King. He was mounted on his steed, Kanthaka, decked with a bridle of new gold, with tinkling bells, and adorned with waving yaktails, set in fair gold, as the moon might mount a comet. And led by the charm of the forest, he wandered

on to the border of the wood, desiring to behold the beauty of the earth. And he beheld the fruitful earth being ploughed, as the path of the share divided the soil like the waves of the sea ; and he saw also how, when the grassy sods were cut and thrown aside by the plough, the numberless lives of minute creatures were scattered and slain. Viewing the earth thus, he greatly grieved, as for the death of his own kin. Watching the men who were ploughing also, and how they were stained and parched by the sun and the wind and the dust, and seeing the draught oxen galled by the burden of the yoke, he, noblest of all, was full of pity. Thereupon, dismounting from his horse's back, he wandered slowly away, penetrated by grief ; thinking on the birth and the passing away of the world. "Pitiful, indeed, is this!" he said, oppressed by sadness. Desiring, therefore, loneliness in his spirit, he sent back his friends that would have followed him, and sat down in a solitary place at the root of a rose-apple tree, heavily laden with luscious leaves ; and he rested there on the earth, carpeted with grass and flowers, enameled as with precious stones.

And meditating there on the coming into being, and the passing away again of the world, he sought for a firm pathway for his mind; and when he had reached a firm resting-place for his mind, the desire for things of sense, and all longing towards them, suddenly left him. He reached the first meditation, discernment with clear reason, full of peace, and of nature altogether free from fault. And reaching this, he passed on to the soul-vision born of discernment, which is happy with supreme delight ; and he went forward in thought from this to the path of the world, understanding it perfectly.

"Pitiful is it, in truth, that man born thus, to sickness, to waste away, to perish, the life-sap sinking out of him, should despise another, oppressed by old age, full of sickness or stricken with death, blinded by desire ; but if I also, being such as they, should despise another, then that were against the nature of my being. Nor may such a thing as this be possible for me, who know the higher law."

As he thus spoke, beholding the world's dark shadows, sickness and age and misfortune, in the full activity of his life and youth and force, the joy in them that had filled his heart, faded suddenly away. Nor was he thereby overcome with astonishment, nor did remorse overtake him, nor did he fall into doubt, nor into faintness and oblivion. Nor was his mind inflamed by the allurements of desire, nor did he hate or despise anyone. So this wisdom grew in him, free from every stain and pure, in him mighty-souled.

Then, unbeheld of other men, one drew near to him, in the garment of a wanderer; and that son of the king of the people questioned him, speaking thus:

"Say what man thou art!" thus he commanded him. And he made answer:

"Thou leader of the herd of men, I am a wanderer, oppressed by the fear of birth and death, a pilgrim seeking after liberation; I wander forth seeking to be free, in this world whose very nature it is to fade; and so I seek a blessed resting-place, unfading. No more akin to other men, I am equal-minded, turned back from sin and rage after things of sense. I rest wherever it may chance, at the root of a tree, or in some desert dwelling; or among the mountains, or in the forest. So I move through the world, without lust of possession, without hope or fear, a pilgrim to the highest goal."

And as the king's son thus beheld him, speaking these things he ascended again into heaven, for he was indeed a dweller of the celestials, who had taken that form to rouse the prince to memory, seeing that his thought was deeper than his mien. And when he had passed away through the air, like a bird of the air, he, the best of men was astonished, and marveled greatly. Then understanding what should be, he prepared his soul for the battle, knowing well the law. So king over his senses, like the king of the gods, he mounted his steed most excellent.

Turning back his steed, that looked towards his followers, and thinking on the pleasant forest, he found no delight in the city, free from desire for it, as the king of the elephants enters the circle of the yard from the forest-land.

"Happy and blessed is that woman whose husband is even such as thou art, large-eyed one!" thus spoke the king's daughter, seeing him enter the long pathway to the palace; and he, whose voice was like the sound of the wind, heard this; he found therein great joy. Hearing that word of hers, of "happiness," he set his mind on the way to supreme liberation. So the prince, whose body was like the pinnacle of a mount of gold, whose arm was in strength like an elephant, whose voice was as the deep voice of the wind, whose eye was keen as a bull, entered the dwelling, the desire of the imperishable law born within him, his face radiant as the moon, and lion-like in valor. Advancing, stately like the king of the forest, he approached the king of the people, who was sitting there, in the midst of the host of his counsellors, as the mind-born son of the Creator might draw near to the king of heaven, flaming in the midst of the powers of the breath. And making obeisance to him, with palms joined, he thus addressed him:

"O sovereign of the people, grant me this request! I would set forth a pilgrim, seeking for liberation, for certain is the dissolution of mankind here below." The king, hearing this speech of his, shivered, as shivers a tree when an elephant strikes it. And clasping those two hands of his, lotus-like, he spoke to him this word, his voice choked with tears:

"Put away from thee, beloved, this mind of thine, for the time is not yet come for thee to enter on the pilgrimage of the law. In the first age of life, when the mind is still unstable, they say it is a grievous fault to enter thus on the path of the law. For the heart of a young man, whose appetites are yet eager for the things of sense, infirm in the keeping of vows, and who cannot remain steadily determined, the mind of him, still without wisdom, wanders from the forest to the things of unwisdom. But mine, O lover of the law, is it now to seek the law instead of thee, giving up all my wealth to thy desire. O thou of certain valor, this law of thine would become great lawlessness, if thou turnest back from thy master. Therefore putting away this determination of thine, be thou devoted yet for a while to the duties of a householder. And after thou hast enjoyed the pleasures of manhood, thou wilt find truer delight in the forest and forgetfulness of the world."

Hearing this word of the king's he made answer in a voice modulated and low:

"If thou wilt become my surety in four things, king, then will I not seek the forest and renunciation: that this life of mine shall not turn toward death; that sickness shall never steal upon my health; that old-age shall not cast down the glory of my youth; and that calamity shall not rob me of my prosperity."

The king of the Shakyas made answer to his son, thus putting upon him such a heavy quest:

"Abandon thou this mind of thine, set upon going forth, and this plan of thine, worthy of ridicule, and full of wilfulness."

And so he, who was the lord of the world, spoke thus to his lord:

"If thou doest not as I have said, then is my course not to be hindered. For he who would escape from a dwelling that is being consumed by fierce flames, cannot be kept back. And as in the world separation is certain, but not in the Law; then better separation lest death carry me away, powerless to resist, with my mission unfulfilled, my peace unwon."

The king of the land, hearing this speech of his son, eager to set out on the search for freedom, thinking: "he shall not go!" set a strong guard upon him, and most excellent allurements. And he,

escorted by the ministers, as was fitting, with much honor and obeisance as the scripture teaches, thus forbidden by his father to depart, returned to his dwelling, greatly grieved. There he was waited on by fair women, their faces kissed by trembling earrings, their breasts rising and falling in gentle breathing, their eyes furtive, like the eyes of a fawn in the forest. And he, shining like a golden mountain, stirring the hearts of those fair-formed ones with passion, held captive their ears by the sweetness of his voice, their bodies by the gentleness of his touch, their eyes by his beauty, and their very hearts by his many graces. Then when the day was gone, lighting up the palace by his beauty like the sun, he slew the darkness by the shining of his presence, as when the day-star rises on the peak of the holy mountain. When the lamp was lit that sparkled with gold, and was filled with the excellent scent of the black aloe, he rested on his golden couch, very beautiful, whose divisions were splendid with diamonds. And then, in the gloom of evening, those fair women drew round him most fair, with sweet-sounding instruments, as they might draw near to Indra, king of the gods. Or as, on the crest of the Himalaya, on the snowy summit, the singers of the celestials might gather round the wealth-god's son; yet he found no joy in them, nor any delight at all.

For of him, the blessed one, the desire of renunciation, for the joy of the supreme goal, was the cause that he found no delight in them. Then, through the power of the gods that watch over holiness, suddenly a deep sleep fell upon them, woven of enchantments, and, as it came upon them, they were entranced, and the power of motion left their limbs. And one of them lay there, sleeping, her cheek resting on her tender hand; letting fall her lute, well-loved, and decked with foil of gold, as though in anger; and so it lay, beside her body. And another of them gleamed there, the flute clasped in her hands, the white robe fallen from her breast, as she lay; and her hands were like two lotuses, joined by a straight line of dark-bodied bees, and her breast was like a river, fringed with the white water's foam. And another of them slept there, her two arms tender, like the new buds of the lotus, with bracelets interlinked of gleaming gold, her arms wound round her tabor, as though it were her wellbeloved. Others decked with adornments of new gold, and robed in robes of the topaz' color, lay helpless there, in that enchanted sleep, like the branches of the forest tree, that the elephants have broken. And another lay there, leaning on the lattice, her body resting on her bended arm, and gleamed there, bright with pendant pearls, stooping like the curve of an arch in the palace. So the lotus-face of another, adorned with a necklet of gems, and scented

with sandal, was bent forward, and shone like the curve of a lotus-stem in the river, where the birds sport in the water. And others lay, as the enchanted sleep had come upon them, with bosoms pendant, in attitudes of little grace; and they gleamed there, linking each other in the meshes of their arms, the golden circlets heavy upon them. One of them had sunk to sleep, her arms woven round her lute of seven strings; as though it were her well-beloved companion; and she stirred the lute, tremulous in her hands, and her face with its golden earrings gleamed. Another damsel lay there, caressing her drum, that had slipped from the curve of her arm, holding it on her knees, like the head of a lover, wearied with the subtle sweetness of her allurements. Another fair one shone not, even though her eyes were large, and her brows were beautiful; for her eyes were closed like the lotus-blooms, their petals all crushed together, when the sun has set. So another, her hair all falling in loosened tresses, her robe and adornments fallen in disorder, lay there, the jewels of her necklet all dishevelled, prone like a tree uprooted by an elephant. And others, powerless in that trance, no longer kept the bounds of grace, even though they were of well-ordered minds, and endowed with every bodily beauty; for they reclined there, breathing deep and yawning openly, their arms tossed about, as they lay. Others, their gems and garments fallen from them, the folds of their robes all tumbled, without consciousness, with wide eyes staring and unmoved, shone not in beauty, lying there, bereft of will. The veils had fallen from their faces, their bodies were crowded together, their wide-open lips were wet, their garments fallen in disarray. And another, as though wine had overcome her, lay there, her form all changed, and powerless.

And he, the prince, of fascinating beauty, rested there, quite otherwise, full of seemliness and becoming grace, and bore his form like a lake, when the wind not even stirs the lotuses on its waters. And seeing them lying there, their forms all changed, powerless in their young beauty, even though they had every charm of body, and shone in their endowments, the heart of the prince was repelled within him;

"Unholy and unseemly, in this world of men, are the charms of these enchanting women; and a man becomes impassioned of a woman's beauty, deceived by her fair robes and adornments. If a man should consider the nature of women, thus overcome, and changed by sleep, it is certain that his passion would grow no longer, but he falls into passion, his will overcome by their allurements."

So to him, thus beholding them, the desire of renunciation came suddenly there, in the night. And he straightway perceived that

the door was set wide open by the gods. So he went forth, descending from the roof of the palace, his mind turned in repulsion from those fair women, lying there in sleep; and so, all fear laid aside, he crossed the first courtyard of the house, and went forth; and awaking the keeper of his steed, the swift Chhandaka, he thus addressed him:

"Bring hither quickly my steed, Kanthaka, for the desire has come upon me to go forth to seek immortality. And as this happiness is born in my heart to-day, and as this mission of mine is fixed irrevocably, so I have now a lord, even in the wilderness, and the goal that I have longed for, is surely before my face. For, as these youthful beauties, putting away all shame and sense of reverence, fell into this trance, before my eyes, and as the doors were opened of their own accord, so it is certain that the hour is come for me to go forth after that which no sickness overtakes."

Obedient then to his master's command, even though he saw that this was the matter of the king's decree, as though moved in mind by the will of another, he set his thoughts to the bringing of the swift-going steed. So he led up that most excellent horse to his master with the golden bridle fitted in its mouth, and its back scarce touched by the light-lying bed—the horse endowed with force and excellence and swift speed, and beautiful with long tail, short ears curved back and breast and sides. And he, strong breasted, mounting it, and soothing it with his lotus-hand, quieted it with his voice as sweet as honey, as though he were getting ready to enter the midst of the army:

"Many are the foes that are turned back in the battle, by the king mounted on thee, and, as I am to seek supreme immortality, so acquit thyself, my steed most excellent! For very easy to find, in truth, are companions, when happiness is sought in things of sense, and when wealth is abundant. But hard to find are companions, for a man who has fallen into misfortune, or who has taken his refuge in the higher law. And they who were my companions in the darkness, in the law, when I take refuge in the law, the truth comes to my heart within me, that they also certainly have their part therein. So understanding this, my search after the law, and knowing that my purpose is set for the weal of the world, do thou, my excellent steed, strive well with thy speed and valor, for thine own welfare, and the world's welfare too."

Thus addressing that best of steeds, as though he were instructing a well-loved companion, he, best of men, longing to go forth to the forest, mounted his white horse, as the sun mounts an autumn cloud lighting up the darkness of the way, and full of beauty.

Then the excellent steed neighed not lest the rest might hear him. And the sound of his neighing restrained and all in silence he set forth, with hurrying and uncertain footsteps. And as he went the gnomes, that are the courtiers of the treasure-god, bending their bodies before him, strewed lotuses in the way, their arms decked with golden bracelets, lotus-like; and with their hands held up the hoofs of him, going timidly. And as the king's son went, the gateways of the city, whose doors were held by heavy bars, such as could not be lightly lifted away, even by elephants, opened before him, noiselessly, of their own accord. So the prince left behind him his father, well-disposed towards him, his child, his beloved people, and his unequalled fortune, firm in mind, and looking not behind him; thus he departed from his father's city. Then viewing the city, with eyes like full-blown lotus-flowers, he sounded the lion note:

"Until I shall have beheld the further shore of birth and death, I shall return no more to Kapilavastu."

Hearing this word of his, the gnomes that wait on the wealth-god rejoiced, and the hosts of the gods, glad at heart, wished him well, in the task he had undertaken. And in their bodies of flame others of the dwellers of the celestials, seeing that what he had undertaken was very hard to accomplish, made a brightness on the midnight path, as when the footsteps of the moon break through the openings of the clouds. And the good steed, swift as the swift steeds of the gods, went forward, as though moved of an inward power, covering many a long league, until the red dawn barred the sky with gold.

IMPERSONALITY.

There was, before me,
Mile upon mile
Of snow, ice, burning sand.
And yet I could look beyond all this,
To a place of infinite beauty;
And I could see the loveliness of her
Who walked in the shade of the trees.
When I gazed,
All was lost
But this place of beauty and her.
When I gazed,
And in my gazing, desired,
Then came again
Mile upon mile,
Of snow, ice, burning sand.

—STEPHEN CRANE, *The Black Riders.*

MUSIC.

AN INTERVIEW WITH E. A. NERESHEIMER.

WITHIN the past twelve months, thanks to Mrs. Tingley's influence, music has become an important factor in theosophical propaganda and at assemblies of members of the Theosophical Societies. In addition to the admirable work done by Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump with their Wagner lectures, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, the Vice-President of the Theosophical Societies in America, Europe and Australasia, has practically demonstrated the moral power of music by his rare gifts as a singer of songs. At the last two annual Conventions he has been called upon to sing, and yet again to sing, and has given delight to hundreds who have in this way obtained a deeper insight into theosophical principles and ideals. Though an amateur, Mr. Neresheimer had at one time a wide reputation as a singer. For several years his business has been too engrossing to allow continuous attention to music, though his love for his art has never diminished.

E. A. NERESHEIMER.

In a casual conversation the other day he was asked what light his study of Theosophy had thrown upon his earlier investigation of music. He replied that Theosophy had above all things helped him to understand that music is the expression of the soul-life and of psychic experiences in the broadest sense of the word. "But that," he continued, "I had in part already appreciated. Theo-

sophy helped me to a solution of certain fundamental problems connected with the nature of sound which had previously been almost incomprehensible. It showed me that as all sound is the result of vibration and as all vibration produces sound; and further that as all matter is in motion or vibration, it must follow that wherever there is matter or substance there must also be sound—even though inaudible. Hence this table"—touching one near him —"must be continually producing a certain definite note, though our ears are not sufficiently sensitive to hear it."

"That reminds me," a friend interjected, "of Professor Huxley's oft-quoted statement in his essay 'On the Physical Basis of Life,' that 'the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest, is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.' So it would seem that modern scientists entertain the same ideas in regard to sound as Theosophists. Is that so?"

"Not quite. For the majority of scientists do not carry their theories to proper and logical conclusions. They are too apt to begin and to end with gross matter, with tangible phenomena. Actually, if not theoretically, they are inclined to limit the universe to states of *their own* consciousness and to conditions of matter perceptible to *their own* senses. In regard to sound, for example; if Huxley's statement be true, it must follow that not only the physical body of man, but the ether interpenetrating it and even the substance or inner vehicle of man's mind, must each have a sound of its own. If this were not so, and if sound did not exist within man in some form or another, there would be no connection between himself and the sounds reaching him from without. 'Man is the mirror of the Universe.'"

"Do you believe, Mr. Neresheimer, in the power of *mantrams?*"

"If by *mantrams* you mean the chanting of certain words in order to produce a given effect upon both the performer and those in his immediate neighborhood, I unhesitatingly answer yes. For sound undoubtedly induces varying states of consciousness. It has frequently come to my notice that certain persons experience certain *sensations* by the repetition of melodies, and this is but an unconscious exercise of *mantramic* power on the part of composers and musicians."

"Would you call music a spiritual power?"

"I have never considered music a manifestation of spirit, as do some people. Nevertheless it ranks high among the fine arts and

may perhaps be compared to a bridge by means of which a close approach to the invisible and unknown can be obtained. I have found that its effectiveness consists more in what it awakens or liberates in people's own minds when listening to it, than in what it purports to be in its composition. That does not alter the fact that it has a power *per se*."

"What, in your opinion, Mr. Neresheimer, should be the aim of a composer?"

"I think it should be to give expression to his own states of consciousness as they occur in moods."

"Do you mean that this should be his aim irrespective of the music's effect upon other people?"

"As soon as a composer takes into consideration the effect of his work upon others, he ceases to be inspired. This must inevitably follow. The majority of musical concoctions and combinations of melodies are valueless, being devoid of that synthetic inspiration which is founded on nature and soul-life. These compositions are only the results of intellectual musical gymnastics, and are destined to live only for the day on which they are created.

"Accepting my definition of what a composer's aim should be, it will be seen that the expression of his moods is the rendering of the repeated experiences which have become settled characteristics of the individual man, and consequently they represent certain stages of his soul-life."

"What, in your opinion, should be a composer's test of success?"

"In composition every one has a standard of truth of his own which arises from his observations of nature. By this standard he tests his musical creations.

"A composer must have an extraordinary ability to observe nature, noticing countless distinctions and occurrences which escape the ordinary man. He must be able to properly appreciate these fine experiences. Secondly he must have the power to synthesize these innumerable observations into a single conclusion or result; and thirdly he must be able to translate into terms of the prevailing musical language these separate observations, or this essential result. But the greatest composer must at all times fall far short of a complete expresssion of his sentiments and ideal.

"A composer like Wagner describes a series of impressions in regard to the time of day, conditions of the atmosphere and so forth. As for instance in *Tristan and Isolde*, in the early part of the second act, where he succeeds in conveying the perfect impression of life in all its exuberance, veiled by the shadows of dusk and by the peace of a summer evening. In it we hear the gurgling of the brook, the

singing of birds, the myriad hum of insect-life; we sense the rustling of leaves, the majesty of huge, silent trees—time-worn—and above all the brooding atmosphere, charged with an inexpressible fulness, sultry, yet palpitating with vibrant life.

"Now neither of these specialized effects is actually imitated in his music. Yet the impression of it all is unmistakably produced on one's consciousness. Added to this is the effect of the sounding of horns in the distance, to which attention is called in the dramatic situation."

"Do you consider Wagner to have been unique in the possession of this power?"

"By no means. And in this connection it will be well to remember the older school of composers, such as Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert. Nowadays people are inclined to run after all things Wagnerian, but this older school produced marvellous psychological studies. Wagner found a more ornate and, as it were, a more voluminous means of producing heretofore unknown effects orchestrally, and by the application of combinations of instruments. He worked out this system of orchestration on a magnificent scale. This is the real departure in the new orchestral music, which is followed by Brahms, Rubinstein and all the modern composers. So I would say that comparing Wagner with Schumann, for instance, they do not differ so much in conception as in execution.

"My own experience with Robert Schumann may be cited. He has produced very many compositions which are entirely unknown in the realm of song literature, even in his own country. No artist ever takes the trouble to look into them from the right point of view, the composer himself being generally considered insane. He is supposed to have died a lunatic, and a great many of his songs are condemned as mere productions of insanity.

"I once took particular pains to obtain all his vocal compositions, numbering some six hundred. These were collected with infinite trouble from all parts of Germany, out of dusty archives and unexpected corners. Influenced by the general impression about them, I at first failed to see their merit. But with close application and persistence I found the deepest depths of insight and the finest shades of human feeling concealed within them.

"It is evident that Schumann composed these songs from an innate and over-mastering desire to express his aspirations and ideals, irrespective of any appreciation whatever. In his own time his works were not appreciated, nor are they to-day, except by isolated individuals. Yet a study of his compositions affords an unexpected vision of this man's soul and strange psychological states.

"All of which leads back to my first conclusion, that the highest aim of the composer should be to give expression to his own states of consciousness as they occur in moods."

"What do you think of the present condition of musical composition in America?"

"Well, a vast number of compositions are turned out every year in America, mostly of a sentimental nature, following the German schools in their construction. But among them are found priceless pearls of virgin genius which promise to be individualized in the course of time as American music."

"What, in your opinion, is the chief characteristic of this 'virgin genius'?"

"A deviation in rhythm, founded upon the sentiment which the negro has introduced into America. It is no doubt also true that just as most of the races of the world meet in this country and to a certain extent tend to merge their peculiarities, the result being an original production; so with music, the tendency is to assimilate the qualities of the music of the western world, with possibly something of the oriental—from which is gradually evolving a new style or school.

"The present tendency in this country to favor opera-bouffe, is, in my opinion, only a temporary aberration, because people invariably run after noise and glitter first, before passing on to what is more sincere and real. In proof of this, I would remind you that no American composer has produced an opera-bouffe. They are all of foreign origin. I think that the deep interest taken in this country in the highly complicated music of Wagner is an evidence of progress on the part of the American people."

"What do you conceive to be the ultimate province of music, Mr. Neresheimer?"

"The æsthetic influence which it has at all times exercised on all peoples. By this word æsthetic I mean much; I mean all that tends to elevate the morality, purity and ideality of the race. Good music will always bring us into closer touch with the ideal world. Let me add that the populace may be trusted not to preserve anything which is not based on truth; that is to say, which is not truly inspired. This is particularly true of music, more so, perhaps, than of any other of the fine arts."

"Which form of musical expression do you regard as the most powerful in its effect upon man?"

"The human voice, undoubtedly."

"And your reasons?"

"Because of its infinite possibilities of expression. There is no music which conveys in itself a fixed impression to all hearers. The

human voice does, however, express at all times the interior state of the speaker or singer, and discloses more accurately than any other method of musical interpretation the extent to which he has entered into the ideal of the composer."

"Do you mean that between music produced on such an instrument as the violin and that produced by the voice, there is an actual difference in quality—that they have a different *sort* of power?"

"I do; because the voice carries with it the synthetic expression of the performer's entire being as the result of his past. Consequently, the more one has suffered or enjoyed, the better will one be able to give rise to similar impressions in others. You remember Shelley's words, 'They learn in suffering what they teach in song'; a one-sided expression of a great truth. If a man has had a wide experience of suffering, it is stored up within him, and unconsciously to himself, in both speaking and singing, he expresses his unwritten past, and so evokes a corresponding sentiment in those present who have also suffered. This is done by means of the vibrations of his voice upon the psychic nature of his hearers. A superficial or unformed character will unmistakably reveal itself in this way."

"And now, Mr. Neresheimer, will you sing us the 'Song to the Evening Star,' from *Tannhauser?*"—but unfortunately Mr. Neresheimer's rendering cannot be recorded.

WHY I BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION.

BY E. AUG. NERESHEIMER.

LIFE'S problems: "Why, How, Whence?" easily arise in one's mind when it but slightly deviates from the dreamy groove in which most of us pass our days.

Nature sometimes gently nudges us at the point of waking from this slumber, and invitingly coaxes, "Come, look at me, lay me bare"; but no, the dreamer goes on dreaming till he finds himself rudely shocked by pain.

Exoteric creeds with the crude promise of Heaven and the dread of Hell give no help in the solution of these problems to the aspiring soul; nor are the philosophical systems of this cold age calculated to aid much in the construction of a satisfactory doctrine of life and death. No light anywhere, in spite of all the pretence to show us the way out of the darkness. After vain search in the field of other

men's thoughts, one hesitatingly turns to his own, almost despairing that there too he shall meet with no better success. But once he is forced by vexatious experiences to take a deep plunge into the inner sanctuary of his own nature, he at last finds there a chord that vibrates in unison with all else; and here must be the clue to the mystery.

Then wells up a deep sympathy for our suffering fellow-man, and there arises a burning desire to know why is all this misery, why and where am I, and what is my connection with the world around me? In a Universe so well regulated, so orderly, so beautiful and just, can it be that man alone is singled out to shift for himself, that he is separate from the rest, and does not share in the harmonious procession of things and events? *Never!*

What a relief then in this dreary desolation to hear for the first time in so many words of the ancient doctrine of "Rebirth, Continuity of Existence."

Every person is a born metaphysician, no matter how lowly his station. Each one constructs his own philosophy, in spite of religious views, preconceived notions, heredity or education; each one for himself records and assimilates his experience and out of it hews a system peculiar to himself, a thread on which he spins and builds all through his life. He may be soaked with belief in some particular system, and march through one life after another perfectly content to depend on the thoughts of others, till at last experience comes which drives him inward, and then he shall hear of the truth, and hearing it, shall understand.

I had marched through life for many weary years looking at the sights and panorama of the world, casting enquiring glances at Religion, Philosophy, Materialism, Spiritualism, in the hope of finding my own experiences interpreted; but without success.

In early youth, before receiving my education, I dreamt continuous dreams of standing before audiences of the highest culture, addressing them on subjects of deep significance, founded on the spiritual unity of the Universe, with a clearness of perception that baffled reflection in the waking state.

Several years later, when engaging in philosophical discussion, I advanced these ideas with positiveness and conviction, though they were foreign to my general trend of thought and education. All through life I have been conscious that what knowledge I possess has only in part been acquired during the present life, and my reflections on these subjects were not connected in the least with the experiences of my youth: they were distinct and bore the aspect of continuity with the past.

The temptation to assert these convictions became a source of embarrassment, because they were not the result of education consciously checked at every step and detail, as I had been brought up to believe was necessary.

The various aspects of human life presented themselves to my view, but with no concurrent explanation: belief in immortality and universal justice were innate and supreme.

Queries presented themselves: "Can the apparent injustice of the suffering of deserving individuals, or the ease and affluence of the undeserving be explained? What of the method of Evolution? How is it applied to human nature?"

The Esoteric Philosophy alone is consistent in its answer; it alone gives a true philosophy of life.

Underlying its various doctrines is one fundamental proposition, namely the existence of one eternal immutable principle: hence the essential Unity of all life and being. This eternal principle is in everything, and everything is of it. Manifestation of Life takes place as a result of differentiation in this Unity; the purpose of differentiation is evolution, and the end of evolution is the return or involution of all manifestation to its source and original unity.

Differentiation and return to Unity take place in accordance with the law of periodicity, the law of Evolution and Involution, representing a great Cycle. This is repeated by and is analogous to all other minor cycles observable everywhere in nature; ebb and flow, life and death, waking and sleeping, outbreathing and inbreathing, summer and winter, day and night, etc., following one another in unerring succession. All are manifestations of the same principle and the same law governs them also. If this be applied to ourselves, it gives a meaning and an aim to human life and a logical basis for a belief in Evolution.

What evolves is the Soul, the Thinker, not only the body: the latter is merely the vehicle or temporary garment which belongs to a kingdom of its own. Reincarnation makes the evolution of the soul possible. At death, a cycle closes for the purpose of allowing the soul to assimilate the experiences of the life just past, and when the term of rest is ended, the soul will come out of that state and clothe itself with a new body. In the same way the Thinker lives through minor cycles of days and years in each life, being perfectly conscious of the continuity of consciousness, in spite of the change, waste and decay of the body.

Life corresponds to Day and to the waking state, and Death to Night and Sleep: they alternate and each follows the other.

E. A. Neresheimer.

A MODERN MYSTIC.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

BY E. T. HARGROVE, F.T.S.

WHENEVER a mystic is born into the world there must of necessity be joy among all other mystics, and Theosophists will be the first to greet with unqualified gladness the appearance of yet another defender of their ideals—for such Maurice Maeterlinck undoubtedly is. In the great Belgian dramatist's latest work* he shows himself to be one of those rare interpreters of the soul-life of whom many will feel: Here is at last a man who understands me, who knows my most secret sorrow, my heart's desire. His power of introspection is extraordinary, his analysis superb, and, in addition to these uncommon gifts, he has the ability to express in words the most delicate shades of thought and sentiment.

To compare him to a philosopher such as Emerson would not be fair. He lacks Emerson's certainty of touch, and seeks where Emerson had found. But his search is so well directed that he cannot fail to assist all other seekers, and he makes such good use of the light he has already found that its radiance is illuminating to a degree not often equalled in this century. As this is Maeterlinck's first contribution to mystical literature, and he is still young, we may expect a masterpiece from his pen within the next few years. Meanwhile we can afford to be thankful for what he has actually accomplished.

The titles of his essays will give a good clue to his treatment of the subjects he deals with. They are: "Silence," "The Awakening of the Soul," "The Predestined," "Mystic Morality," "On Women," "The Tragical in Daily Life," "The Star," "The Invisible Goodness," "The Deeper Life," "The Inner Beauty." If his meaning occasionally eludes us it may be accounted for by his own frank admission that "the time has not yet come when we can speak lucidly of these things." But his hints are more luminous than most writers' explicit statements.

Now let him speak for himself. His essay on "The Deeper Life" perhaps shows him at his best, and from that we will select a few extracts. "In everything that happens is there light; and

* *The Treasure of the Humble*. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

the greatness of the greatest of men has but consisted in that they had trained their eyes to be open to every ray of this light" (p. 174). "Ah! truly too much of our life is spent in waiting, like the blind men in the legend who had travelled far so that they might hear their God. They were seated on the steps, and when asked what they were doing in the courtyard of the sanctuary, 'We are waiting,' they replied, shaking their heads, 'and God has not yet said a single word.' But they had not seen that the brass doors of the temple were closed, and they knew not that the edifice was resounding with the voice of their God. Never for an instant does God cease to speak; but no one thinks of opening the doors. And yet, with a little watchfulness, it were not difficult to hear the word that God must speak concerning our every act" (p. 178).

"It is not enough to possess a truth; it is essential that the truth should possess us," is the refrain of all his teaching. In the same essay he emphasizes this necessity at length. "To every man there come noble thoughts, that pass across his heart like great white birds. Alas! they do not count; they are strangers whom we are surprised to see, whom we dismiss with impatient gesture. Their time is too short to touch our life. Our soul will not become earnest and deep-searching, as is the soul of the angels, for that we have, for one fleeting instant, beheld the universe in the shadow of death or eternity, in the radiance of joy or the flames of beauty and love. We have all known moments such as these, moments that have but left worthless ashes behind. These things must be habitual with us; it is of no avail that they should come by chance. We must learn to live in a beauty, an earnestness, that shall have become part of ourselves" (p. 183).

And this, on the soul, from "Mystic Morality": "What would happen, let us say, if our soul were suddenly to take visible shape, and were compelled to advance into the midst of her assembled sisters, stripped of all her veils, but laden with her most secret thoughts, and dragging behind her the most mysterious, inexplicable acts of her life? Of what would she be ashamed? Which are the things she fain would hide? Would she, like a bashful maiden, cloak beneath her long hair the numberless sins of the flesh? She knows not of them, and those sins have never come near her. They were committed a thousand miles from her throne; and the soul even of the prostitute would pass unsuspectingly through the crowd, with the transparent smile of the child in her eyes . . . Are there any sins or crimes of which she [the soul] could be guilty? Has she betrayed, deceived, hid? Has she inflicted suffering or been the cause of tears? Where was she while this man de-

livered over his brother to the enemy? Perhaps, far away from him, she was sobbing; and from that moment she will have become more beautiful and more profound. She will feel no shame for that which she has not done; she can remain pure in the midst of terrible murder. Often, she will transform into inner radiance all the evil wrought before her. These things are governed by an invisible principle; and hence, doubtless, has arisen the inexplicable indulgence of the gods. And our indulgence, too. Strive as we may, we are bound to pardon . . . " (p. 64).

His essay "On Women" is open to criticism; but I dare not criticise. That task must be left to some woman, who would perchance deal with it more mercilessly than any man. I need only say that in our author's opinion women are "indeed nearest of kin to the infinite that is about us." Much that he says, however, even on this subject, it strikingly and beautifully true.

A prominent feature of his teaching is universal brotherhood, though not referred to directly. Frequent statements, such as "a superior atmosphere exists, in which we all know each other"—show his profound appreciation of the unity of soul. This unity, and the power of thought, are constantly dwelt upon, as in this passage from "The Awakening of the Soul": "Is it fully borne home to you that if you have perchance this morning done anything that shall have brought sadness to a single human being, the peasant, with whom you are about to talk of the rain or the storm, will know of it—his soul will have been warned even before his hand has thrown open the door? Though you assume the face of a saint, a hero or a martyr, the eye of the passing child will not greet you with the same unapproachable smile if there lurk within you an evil thought, an injustice, or a brother's tears" (p. 39).

In "Silence" he finds the best and truest speech. "From the moment that we have *something to say to each other*, we are *compelled* to hold our peace: and if at such times we do not listen to the urgent commands of silence, invisible though they be, we shall have suffered an eternal loss that all the treasures of human wisdom cannot make good; for we shall have let slip the opportunity of listening to another soul, and of giving existence, be it only for an instant, to our own; and many lives there are in which such opportunities do not present themselves twice" (p. 5).

But extracts can at best suggest the general tenor of a book. That it is worth reading, from cover to cover, has, I think, been shown above.

E. T. Hargrove.

AMBITION.

AMBITION is the first curse, as I have said before ; the subtlest, the most dangerous of temptations. For, let the disciple bear this well in mind : on each plane or condition that he enters, the same vices, the same defects must be faced and overcome, in the form belonging to that plane or condition. Here is a pitfall into which many have fallen, and which I would have all avoid, were it only possible. Some failing is met and conquered on a lower plane, ambition for instance, or else fails of effect there. The man thinks himself done with it, and rightly perhaps, for in his present condition he is. But another day, another moment, and he enters another condition, unconsciously to himself maybe—for so all the earlier initiations are passed—and then the defeated monster returns in a new form, unrecognizable because of its strangeness. And the disciple is overcome ere he is aware, usually not knowing until afterwards of his defeat. Therefore is it written on the walls of the Hall of Learning :

"This is a battle seeming without end, in which the disciple sees himself alone with enemies on every hand."

But take heart of grace, oh ! trembling one, there is an end, whose glory passes knowledge. The true battle ground is the heart : there the disciple has fought and won at last, before it appears outwardly. In confusion lies the great danger, the confusion which warps and blinds the mind, and weakens the faith. Swift, clear, intuitive knowledge must cut the cord of difficulty, and with true faith for shield and honesty of purpose for an armor, well armed thou art, and standest ready for the direst foe. The thoughts of quiet hours, of calm days and serene nights are upon you in the conflict and their influence never lost. One hour of holy meditation has won many a fight of later years. All past aspirations keep guard around you, mingled with the prayers of those whose love acts as a shield about your life. I bid you then press on and on to victory. Fear not, have faith serene and courage dauntless.

CAVÉ.

THE ALKAHEST.

The Alkahest is defined as "an element which dissolves all metals, and by which all terrestrial bodies may be reduced into their *Ens Primum*, or the original matter (*Akasha*) of which they are formed. It is a power which acts upon the Astral forms (or souls) of all things, capable of changing the polarity of their molecules and thereby dissolve them. The magic power of the free Will is the highest aspect of the true Alkahest. In its lowest aspect it is a visible fluid, able to dissolve all things, not yet known to modern chemistry."

In the book *Paracelsus*, by Franz Hartmann, is given a formula for producing the Alkahest. The writer tried it with the following results. The ingredients used are caustic lime, absolute alcohol, and carbonate of potash. The alcohol is poured on the lime in a retort and distilled until the lime is perfectly dry. The distilled alcohol is then poured on the lime and again distilled, and this process repeated ten times. After the second distillation a peculiar garlicky odor is perceptible. Why this is so is something of a mystery, for chemistry teaches that alcohol undergoes no changes when in contact with lime. A sample of the distillate was sent to a renowned firm of chemists in Brooklyn—authorities in alcohol—who wrote regarding it: "There is no interaction between pure lime and alcohol, no decomposition of either one or the other when brought in contact in such a process as distillation; but you will doubtless remember that almost all limestone has more or less fossil remains in it, and when this limestone is burnt into lime, these fossil remains are simply calcined with it, but the remains are there as impurities in the lime. These impurities do re-act with almost everything like alcohol and water, and it is likely that it is these impurities which give the odor and taste to your distillate."

The peculiar odor is first perceptible at the end of the third distillation. At the end of the sixth it is very strong, and from that time lessens and is replaced by a more pungent odor which is strongest at the end of the ninth, but greatly diminished the last time. In one particular operation the distilled alcohol was very clear all through with the exception of the seventh time, when it became turbid, but before the end of the distillation it cleared.

The next step in the process is to mix the lime with a fifth part by weight of carbonate of potash. This mixture is then placed in

a retort and heated gradually, after putting about two ounces of absolute alcohol into the recipient. White vapors arise from the powder, and are attracted by the alcohol. The heating is to be continued as long as this takes place. Then "pour the alcohol from the recipient into a dish, and set it on fire. The alcohol burns away and the Alkahest remains in the dish."

Many diverse and contradictory phenomena were observed during a series of observations in following out the quoted directions. Sometimes the alcohol would boil and distill over at a certain temperature, and again it would require nearly twice as high a temperature to effect the same end. This would, of course, indicate an absorption or exchange of atoms, but such exchange seemed opposed to all known laws of chemical action.

The Alkahest is what remains in the dish after the alcohol is burned away. What remains in the dish is a very slight residue, usually of a reddish-brown color, sometimes a cream color or white, especially when heated. Once a peculiar residue remained that seemed to reflect the prismatic colors. The residue has an odd characteristic of reacting differently at different times with various re-agents. Thus the residue obtained from one operation would dissolve in water. The next residue (Alkahest) would not. One would dissolve in hydrochloric acid. Another gave a precipitate with that substance. In fact, the results obtained at different times were very contradictory and puzzling. It is evident, however, that the potency of the Alkahest is obtained from the limestone, for Paracelsus says: "that many a man kicks away with his foot a stone that would be more valuable to him than his best cow, if he only knew what great mysteries were put into it by God by means of the Spirit of Nature."

In *Isis Unveiled*, by H. P. Blavatsky, regarding the Alkahest, we glean that "alchemists claim that primordial or pre-Adamic earth when reduced to its first substance, is, in its *second* stage of transformation, like clear water, the first being the Alkahest proper. This primordial substance is said to contain within itself the essence of all that goes to make up man; it has not only all the elements of his physical being, but even the 'breath of life' itself in a latent state, ready to be awakened." The great characteristic of the Alkahest, "to dissolve and change all sublunary bodies—*water alone* excepted, is explicitly stated."

According to Van Helmont and Paracelsus, the Alkahest does not destroy the seminal virtues of the bodies dissolved. Gold, by its action, is reduced to a salt of gold. Antimony, to a salt of antimony. The subject, exposed to its operation, is converted into the

three principles, salt, sulphur and mercury, and afterwards into salt alone.

The fabrication of malleable glass is a lost art. It is stated as an historic fact that in the reign of Tiberius an exile brought to Rome a cup of glass "which he dashed upon the marble pavement, and it was not crushed or broken by the fall," and which, as it got "dented somewhat," was easily brought into shape again with a hammer. Such cups and glass-ware, it is claimed, may be found to this day in the monasteries of Thibet. The property of malleability is given to common glass by immersing it for several hours in the Universal Solvent—the Alkahest.

The residue (Alkahest?) obtained from the alchemical operations referred to was submitted to a prominent and high occultist, who wrote regarding it: "I have looked into that matter of the Alkahest. What you gave me *is* strong, but there is a defect, and that defect I saw when I was with you. I have since confirmed it. It is this—you made it in the *wrong place*, *under the wrong influences*, which are prejudicial. These it has *absorbed* and thus spoiled it. It is sensitive or it would be of no value whatever. Being so, it must be protected. You exposed it continually to the noxious effects of . . . Hence, if you want even a measure of success, you must do it where it is free, where nothing bad is, where food and drink are absent. It absorbs. That absorption does two things: (a) reduces its value; (b) adds a deleterious element. For the latter reason, then, it is bad to use what you made. . . . Never forget that in alchemical operations the subtlety of it requires care, or not only prejudice may result, but sometimes danger. Furthermore, do not get too absorbed in it, for in alchemy there is much *Kama*."

Others in the Theosophical Society, the writer understands, have "tried" the Alkahest. A comparison of results might be advantageous.

MEDICUS.

BENEVOLENCE.

From the want of benevolence and the want of wisdom will ensue the entire absence of propriety and righteousness;—he who is in such a case must be the servant of other men. To be the servant of men and yet ashamed of such servitude, is like a bow-maker's being ashamed to make bows, or an arrow-maker's being ashamed to make arrows. If he be ashamed of his case, his best course is to practice benevolence.

The man who would be benevolent is like the archer. The archer adjusts himself and then shoots. If he misses, he does not murmur against those who surpass himself. He simply turns round and seeks *the cause of his failure* in himself.—MENCIUS.

THE most important feature of the month's record has been the active manifestation of the International Brotherhood League, founded by Mrs. K. A. Tingley, leader of the world-wide theosophical movement. It began its work with the opening of the Lotus Home, of which a report will be found in "The Mirror of the Movement." This is more particularly part of the work for children, but the League itself has a much wider aim, being intended not only "to educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity"; but also "to ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women and assist them to a higher life; to assist those who are or have been in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life; to help workingmen to realize the nobility of their calling, and their true position in life; to bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them; to relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and generally, to extend aid, help, and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world." A particular effort is also to be made to obtain the abolition of capital punishment.

It is a magnificent enterprise and will doubtless be made as great a success by Mrs. Tingley as she made of the Crusade around the globe not long ago. The League will not be finally organized until toward the end of the year, as the Lotus Home for children is a special undertaking; but whenever its other activities commence it will undoubtedly find glad coöperators in the Theosophists of Europe, India and Australasia, as well as of America. Mrs. Tingley speaks of organizing before long, some practical means of raising funds for the Theosophical Society in America and for the International Brotherhood League, jointly.

In addition to these far-reaching undertakings, much quiet work is being done by Mrs. Tingley in connection with the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity at Point Loma, Calif. The school has some near surprises in store for us, by which the in-

terest of the general public should be aroused to a degree exceeding the expectations of the most sanguine. Point Loma is a strange place, with a wonderful future ; perhaps with a wonderful past.

So this great movement continues to cover the world with its wings, at once overshadowing it and leading it in many of its noblest purposes. No class as a rule appreciates the importance and influence of Theosophy better then the newspaper editor and representative. He looks back to the small but pregnant beginning of things made by Madame H. P. Blavatsky in New York City ; he probably had some personal experience of William Q. Judge's heroic and highly successful efforts to consolidate and perfect Madame Blavatsky's achievements ; he now witnesses Mrs. Tingley's brilliant successes, and not only in America, for the cable brought him news of similar successes on three other continents. And as the newspaper man has learned to respect success, wherever he may meet with it, he now treats the subject of Theosophy with seriousness and dignity, honoring its good deeds without prejudice. Theosophy triumphs and Theosophists rejoice.

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Outside the ranks of any theosophical organization an immense amount of purely theosophical work is being done, as "The Literary World" and "The World of Science" constantly testify. Students of what is sometimes called the "hidden side of nature" cannot fail to find an endless record of facts and theories in current literature, the careful perusal of which would occupy their entire time. One of the latest investigators in this realm has unbosomed himself to a representative of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, summarizing his researches by saying that "the science of creation is simply the science of vibration." Claiming to base his philosophy upon the physical sciences, he has nevertheless arrived at some exceedingly metaphysical conclusions. He admits that his is "the old philosophy of the Buddhists" and that it was the "theory of Pythagoras." According to his view of things "all material manifestations are embodied sounds." "He shows the intimate relationship which exists between sound, heat, color and light. He traces the origin of life and matter from the atom of revolving ether in its primal state to cosmos, then to nebula, to the sun, to the world, to man and to his very immortality"—though in this last respect he is evidently misinterpreted, for he is careful to explain further on that in his opinion "there is no death, but only a transition into higher states and conditions"; and that "the spiritual force or energy is preëxistent ; that it was an entity before it was environed by the body, and hence will exist as such, with the added impress

of experience, after the spirit is excarnate." He deals largely with the question of the human aura and with the earth's auric sphere—at least more intelligently than some exponents of the subject. Speaking of sex he stated his conviction that the "feminine principle is a centripetal condition, while that of the masculine is centrifugal"—a deeply significant conclusion and one that should be applied to the psycho-physiological processes generally. The existence of "seven spheres" of man and of the earth is also taught. There is a suspicion of *The Secret Doctrine* pervading the statement of his theories, but even if indebted to that book, it may be said on his behalf that he makes better use of it than most of those who borrow but do not acknowledge their indebtedness.

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This is a season of many changes. In international affairs we all know of the great unrest which prevails. In the politics of this and, in fact, of most countries, men are aban doning their old platforms—considered "sound" till now—and are groping for some new scheme of national life which at least promises improvement. Dissatisfied with the past, uncertain as to the future, they are still in the transition stage, afraid to advance, unable to retreat, finding it difficult to stand still. It is at such times as these that the oratorical reformer, promising much and performing not at all, except in words, finds his great opportunity to gather around himself a multitude of people who find rest and satisfaction in his certainty, so utterly foreign to themselves. They reflect convictions as muddy water may reflect a rush-light, and being very shallow, evaporate about as quickly as the rush-light burns away. Even those whose thought is clear and deep on matters of importance to themselves are sometimes the quickest to succumb before the speciousness of men who are bubbling with one-sided arguments, unauthenticated "facts" and attractive illustrations; for few have time to devote to profound consideration of political and social questions, and, simply aware that the prevailing order of things does not please them, jump at any proffered solution of problems which in no case have they clearly stated to themselves. Once a problem is clearly and correctly stated, it is practically solved. And in this case the statement of the problem will involve consideration of the causes of human misery, which undeniably arise and reside in the minds of rich and poor alike—selfishness, and its cause, which is ignorance. Remove the ignorance and you remove the selfishness; remove that, and you remove the sorrow.

At no other time is it so necessary to move slowly as during a period of transition. Hasty conclusions are fatal. That is why

the wise man waits till he is certain and when in doubt, stands still. Even though standing still, he can and should still cling to eternal principles, and hence the doubting politician can profitably pass his months or years of uncertainty in proclaiming universal brotherhood to be a law of nature, and in demonstrating that without a recognition of that law as its basis, legislation must prove abortive.

E. T. H.

THE ILLUMINED.

When this path is beheld, then thirst and hunger are forgotten: night and day are undistinguished in this road.

* * * * * * *

Whether one would set out to the bloom of the East or come to the chambers of the West, *without moving*, oh! holder of the bow! *is the travelling in this road!*

In this path, to whatever place one would go, *that town* (or locality) *one's own self becomes!* how shall I easily describe this? Thou thyself shalt experience it.

* * * * * * *

As from the heated crucible all the wax flows out, and then it remains thoroughly filled with the molten metal poured in;

Even so, that lustre (of the immortal moon fluid) has become actually moulded into the shape of the body: on the outside it is wrapped up in the folds of the skin.

As, wrapping himself up in a mantle of clouds, the sun for a while remains; and afterwards, casting it off, comes forth arrayed in light;

* * * * * * *

* * * To me beholding, it appears QUIETISM itself, personified with limbs:

As a painting of divine bliss; a sculptured form of the sovereign happiness; a grove of trees of joy, erectly standing:

A band of golden champa; or a statue of ambrosia; or a many-sprinkled herbary of fresh and tender green.

Or is it the disk of the moon, that, fed by the damps of autumn, has put forth luminous beams? or is it the embodied presence of Light, that is sitting on yonder seat?

Such becomes the body, what time the serpentine [or annular] POWER drinks the moon [fluid of immortality descending from the brain], then, oh! friend, Death dreads the shape of the body.

Then disappears old age, the knots of youth are cut to pieces, and THE LOST STATE OF CHILDHOOD REAPPEARS!

* * * * * * *

Then *he beholds the things beyond the sea, he hears the language of paradise, he perceives what is passing in the mind of the ant.*

He taketh a turn with the wind; if he walk his footsteps touch not the water; for such and such like conjunctures he attains many supernatural faculties.—From *The Dream of Ravan.*

* * * * * * *

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

THE subject of Thought Transference as considered from the point of view of Professor Crookes, was set forth in the last number of THEOSOPHY; whose readers are likely to concur in the belief that the development of latent mental and psychic forces in the higher realms of nature, will ultimately and perhaps with the rapid progress being made in these directions, at no excessively distant date, result in the practical exercise by those whose faculties and training qualify them for the task, of the more occult powers involved. Already has it by mechanical means been made possible to communicate freely and inaudibly through space,—in other words, to telegraph to isolated points, for example, an island or light house, without the aid of wire connections, and even to swiftly moving points, such as a railway train under way; furthermore, photographs, impressed upon the sensitive plate by the power of thought alone, with recognizable images of the thought objects, have been produced and their authenticity verified.

These marvels may be referred to more fully later, but before leaving the specific subject of Thought-Transference, that is, the transmission of mental concepts, directly from mind to mind, by the aid of will power, our readers will be interested in the following extract from that weird narrative, "Etidorhpa,"—a recent product of mystic science, purporting to be a recital of actual experiences. A highly developed and peculiarly constructed inhabitant of the inner world is instructing a mortal of the ordinary type whose mind and passing phases of thought, his guide and counselor has no difficulty in reading as from an open book.

"Have you not sometimes felt that in yourself there may exist undeveloped senses that await an awakening touch to open to you a new world? This unconscious perception of other planes, a beyond or betwixt that is neither mental nor material, belongs to humanity in general, and is made evident from the insatiable desire of men to pry into phenomena, latent or recondite, that offer no apparent return to humanity. This desire has given men the knowledge they now possess of the sciences:—sciences yet in their infancy. Study in this direction is at present altogether of the material plane; but in time to come men will gain control of outlying senses which

will enable them to step from the seen into the consideration of matter or force that is now subtle and evasive, and this must be accomplished by means of the latent faculties that I have indicated. There will be an unconscious development of new mind-forces in the student of nature as the rudiments of these so-called sciences are elaborated.

Step by step, as the ages pass, the faculties of men under progressive series of evolutions will imperceptibly pass into higher phases, until that which is even now possible with some individuals of the purified esoteric school, but which would seem miraculous if practised openly at this day, will prove feasible to humanity generally and be found in exact accord with natural laws. The conversational method of men whereby communion between human beings is carried on by disturbing the air by means of vocal organs so as to produce mechanical pulsations of that medium, is crude in the extreme. Mind craves to meet mind, but cannot yet thrust matter aside, and in order to communicate one with another, the impression one mind wishes to convey must be first made on the brain matter that accompanies it, which in turn influences the organs of speech, inducing a disturbance of the air by the motions of the vocal organs, which by undulations that reach to another being, act on his ear, and secondarily on the earthly matter of his brain ; and, finally, by this roundabout course, impress the second being's mind. In this transmission of motions there is great waste of energy and loss of time, but such methods are a necessity of the present slow, much obstructed method of communication. There is in cultivated man an innate craving for something more facile, and often a partly-developed conception, spectral and vague, appears, and the being feels that there may be for mortals a richer, brighter life, a higher earthly existence that science does not now indicate. Such intimation of a deeper play of faculties is now most vivid with men during the loss of conscious mental self as experienced in dreams, which as yet man cannot grasp, and which fade as he awakens. As mental sciences are developed, investigators will find that the medium known as air is unnecessary as a means of conveying mind concepts from one person to another ; that material sounds and word pulsations are cumbersome ; that thought force may be used to accomplish more than speech can do, and that physical exertions, as exemplified in motion of matter such as I have described, will be unnecessary for mental communication. As door after door in these directions shall open before men, mystery after mystery will be disclosed, and vanish as mysteries to stand forth as simple facts. Phenomena that are impossible and unre-

vealed to the scientist of to-day will be familiar to the coming multitude, and at last, as by degrees clearer knowledge is evolved, the vocal language of men will disappear, and humanity, regardless of nationality, will in silence converse eloquently in mind language. That which is now esoteric will become exoteric.

"Then mind will meet mind, as my mind now impinges on your own, and in reply to your unuttered question regarding my apparently unaccountable powers of perception, I say they are perfectly natural; but while I can read your thoughts I must use my voice to impress your mind, because you cannot reciprocate. You will know more of this, however, at a future day. At present you are interested mainly in the affairs of life as you know them, and cannot enter into these higher spheres."

This semi-mystical communication presents a remarkable concurrence with the purely scientific speculations by Professor Crookes, who must have credit, as having indicated with comparative distinctness those regions of the higher natural for us—and the ratio of vibrations peculiar thereto,—within which the phenomena of thought-transference may be investigated, where their practical development may in time be effected.

It is to be noted, however, that we are already making use, unconsciously in general, of occult forces of this degree; and that the use of mechanical means is in no wise necessarily incident thereto.

MENTAL OR PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHS.

The so-called "Spirit" photographs, which showed in the background of the sitter other faces more or less distinct, some of them apparently recognizable, were long a puzzle and a derision; the former to those who had satisfied themselves that the pictures were genuine and not artificially produced, but who could make no guess as to the cause of their appearance—the latter to those who, unable to explain them, refused credence and asserted their fraudulent origin, this view being seemingly the more plausible, as it was possible to produce somewhat similar effects by the aid of mechanical artifice. So long as the view was advanced that the strange faces were those of "Spirits" enabled to appear through the intervention of a "medium" present at the sitting—the photographs would naturally be classed with other "spiritualistic" phenomena, and be likewise subject to acceptance or incredulity—according to the mental attitude of the individual whose judgment was appealed to.

It is at once the strength and weakness of science—that it re-

fuses credence or even investigation—otherwise than through instrumentalities of its own devising and subject to tests and conditions which it arbitrarily and often ignorantly imposes. And thereby in fact sometimes defeats its own purpose—since the more obscure causes of phenomena are destroyed or impaired by the very method employed to investigate them. But occasionally a devotee of science, bolder than others, or perhaps impatient of his self-imposed limitations, branches out into wider fields and has the courage to announce his results.

This has recently been done by Dr. Baraduc, resident in Paris, who has found means to produce visible results on sensitive plates by the use of mental forces, and has submitted the photographs to the Paris Société de Médécine. In his own case he fixed his mind intently upon a child in whom he was interested, endeavoring to visualize the face with the utmost possible distinctness. The result was the vague but unmistakable picture of an infant's face. He also took a photograph of the mind of a "medium," and the plate showed the portrait of a dark faced man with heavy black beard and sombre eyes, and the head shrouded with a turban. The medium declared the picture that of his "guide," and it was evident that a vivid personation was present in the aura of the medium.

In a still more remarkable experiment, two friends who had likewise been investigating the fascinating subject, went to bed a hundred miles apart, one having a fresh sensitive plate under his pillow, while the other lay awake and willed as persistently and strenuously as possible, that his photograph should appear on the plate over which his friend was sleeping. The statement is made that the experiment was quite successful. Still more obscure results were sought, viz., the photographing of an abstract thought or concept unaided by the visualization of a face. The difficulty in such a case is manifestly that of concentrating and focussing the thought, since time is needed to effect the chemical changes involved, and any wandering or loss of distinctness in the mental operation confuses the record. Nevertheless the experiments were multiplied until it became evident that the mental force was capable of affecting the plate sensibly and with a measure of characterization that it was believed in the end would render the images susceptible of recognition and interpretation.

L. G.

THE LITERARY WORLD

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

TO beget a new designation for Deity is an urgent ambition of the modish philosopher. Those who have read *Sartor Resartus* will understand this, since a name is but the garment of an idea, and we are thus brought back again to the philosophy of clothes. Dr. John Beattie Crozier frankly admits that he was unable to understand Carlyle or Emerson when, abandoning the orthodox pale, he first sought an explanation of life. This enables one to approach Dr. Crozier's travesty of Theosophy in the first volume, just issued, of his *History of Intellectual Development*, with equanimity. The travesty is not intentional, but simply marks the limitations of the author. It may be regretted that he was not better equipped for the task undertaken, for nothing is more likely to propagate Theosophy than intelligent opposition. Intelligent opposition cannot be really hostile, since it implies sympathy with the truth-seeker, and a temporary misapprehension of the statements of those who may have attained some measure of truth. Dr. Crozier recognizes in Theosophy (pp. 121–122) "a system of Thought before which one must pause, a system which one could not skip, but which would stand confronting one until it had been reckoned with, and in some straightforward and legitimate manner put out of the way. . . . The truth is, it does not lay itself open to refutation either by Physical Science or Religion." Religion, he declares (p. 266), "always requires in the Supreme Being a will and personality like that of a man." Dr. Crozier's Supreme Being accordingly partakes of the nature of Spencer's Unknowable and Arnold's "Power that makes for righteousness" with these human attributes in addition. He terms it the "Unknown Coördinating Power." This Power acts in a Universe in which Matter, Vital Principle or Soul, and Intelligence constitute the elements. Curiously enough, as Matter evidently implies Form and Substance and (p. 82) he admits the duality of the other two, these three terms along with the Coördinating Power resolve themselves into a septenate rivalling the theosophic one. Dr. Crozier's new theory of existence is merely a familiar theosophic postulate in a new guise with an anthropomorphic element added, and if he takes the trouble to read *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, with neither of which he betrays any familiarity, he

will find his thesis worked out in directions he does not contemplate and with an elaboration he can scarcely hope to equal. "We may say," he explains (p. 250), "that while men and races, considered as *individual units*, are engaged in working out their own private and particular ends, the Presiding Genius of the World has so arranged it that by these selfsame actions they shall, quite unconsciously to themselves, work out its ends also—ends more sublime than those they know. . . . Just as Nature, though steady to her own aim of fertilizing the plants and flowers at any cost, still uses *different* means for that, and according to the requirements of the different species;—now using the bees, now the wind, now birds, and so on;—so the Genius of the World moves to its steady end of a perfected civilization, not by *one* stereotyped and invariable method, but by quite different and even antagonistic methods, according to the necessities of the time, the age of the world, and the stage of culture and progress reached" (p. 250).

The sundry religions, philosophies and governments of the world from time to time thus contribute to the "perfected civilization" which is to be the goal of all things, a goal somewhat indefinite even to Dr. Crozier, since he defines civilization (p. 117) as "the record of the achievements of man when pushed on by the desire to satisfy his wants." And we may certainly enquire if this propulsive force is to be associated with the Unknown Coördinating Power? Unfortunately, Dr. Crozier's method of deriving one religion or philosophy from a previous one is somewhat superficial, as though one should seek the origin of the field-flowers of August in those of the preceding May, and irrespective of the Augusts of other years. His examination of the Greek, Brahmin, and Buddhist systems bears obvious marks of preconception. With a predetermination that the course of evolution in thought must in turn have ensured the deification, first of Matter, then of Soul, and finally of Intelligence, he finds that Hindu philosophy and Theosophy are constructed with the principle of Soul as a first cause, while the religious philosophies of Europe, coming later, rest on the principle of Intelligence. Buddhism appears to be somewhat exceptional and is characterized (p. 118) as "the most determined attempt ever made to solve the problem of the world, not only without God or the Soul, but without either Civilization or the influence of environing conditions." We are not then surprised to learn (p. 86) that Reincarnation "would be quite out of keeping with a principle of Self-Conscious Intelligence," although it is admitted (p. 103) that "the prospect of birth and rebirth on earth . . . would give us no great concern," although to the "poor Hindu"

it is "a real curse and sorrow." The three leading Hindu systems afford some novel points of view, as, for example, in the duality of the Sankhya wherein "nothing was left for the Supreme Soul to do, unless indeed it were to wake all those elements into activity and life" (p. 94). Among the teachings of Jesus, Dr. Crozier tells us that the Kingdom of God (p. 290) "was a Kingdom that was to be established on earth by God Himself in the near future." These instances prepare us to appreciate Dr. Crozier's "straightforward and legitimate manner" of putting Theosophy out of the way. The method of Theosophy, he believes, is a mere resort to vulgar clairvoyance, thought-reading, and self-hypnotism induced by "fixing the attention steadily on some object . . . usually on the tip of the nose!" (p. 125). The philosophy being only a scheme on paper, worked out by generations of entranced fanatics, who mistake the imaginations of their contemporaries and predecessors for realities, their mutual corroborations have no value. There is only a transfer of knowledge from individual to individual, and nothing new is ever added to the real stock of human information by this channel. It "has never thrown any new light on history or on the causes that regulate the rise and fall of Societies or of States" (p. 125). He is as much impressed with the necessity for a sign—the invention of a new explosive, perhaps, or the solution of the mystery of the Man with the Iron Mask, or of the identity of Junius—as were the evil and idolatrous generations of old. For by an "intellectual illusion" the dupes of Theosophy have accorded to the Mahatmas the possession of omniscience, and by a second illusion, omnipotence, so that in all honor they are bound to display their powers! Failing this, the Planetary Chain, which is the only genuine novelty to Dr. Crozier in the whole esoteric outfit, becomes the pivot on which his estimate of Theosophy turns. Having apparently read nothing but Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, and having accepted the most mechanical of that gentleman's illustrations in the most literal sense, he describes the earth as accounted for "much in the same way as in making a pudding you would set around you on the table the butter, and eggs, and milk, etc.," afterwards "bringing all the ingredients into one dish."

"Of the Relations which subsist between these different Planets, Principles, or Forces, and in which alone we have seen true knowledge consists, is precisely the one point on which they are silent, and which is absent from the system of the Planetary Chain" (p. 146). Thus neglecting the three basic postulates of the whole philosophy, postulates of which I charitably believe he never heard;

oblivious of the One Absolute, unspeakable, unthinkable, beyond the reach and range of thought as That is; ignoring the great law of Karmic unity and periodicity; unaware of the near approach of his conception of a Çoördinating Power to that of the Universal Oversoul; regardless of the futility to the races of the past and present of a future triumph of evolution in which they may not participate, and of the moon-like death, or asteroidal destruction liable to succeed even that consummation; entrenched in the tradition of an extra-cosmic man, no less fatal to philosophy than that of an extra-cosmic God; it is not remarkable that Dr. Crozier should have escaped the idea that Man himself is the coördinating and unifying power in nature, that he is the author of his own conditions and environment and that the *individual units* may realize a wholly satisfactory aspiration in the endeavor consciously to work out the sublime ends of "the Presiding Genius of the World."

It might be supposed that the reflection would occur to the critic that the baselessness of such a system as Dr. Crozier represents Theosophy to be, must be as patent to its intelligent and scholarly adherents as to himself, but the obvious answer to this is to be found in the absurdities and self-deceptions to which men have again and again descended. The real issue is indicated in a paragraph which I take from an article by B. F. Underwood in SECULAR THOUGHT on "Evolution Before Darwin and After."

"A thinker who reaches correct conclusions in regard to complex problems, under the disadvantage of having a small amount of data upon which to base his inductions, may thereby show a knowledge of the relations of things, an appreciation of the evidential value of known facts, and a comprehensiveness of view, which denote a high order of intellect. In the higher sense, the man of science is he who has not only powers of observation, but ability to take the facts which are known, and to arrange them so as to explain their meaning, by discovering the principles which underlie them, as Newton explained the phenomenon of the fall of the apple, when he conceived that the same force which brought the apple to the ground also held the planets in their orbits. Mere observation and collection of facts would never lead to a great discovery; there must be reason, imagination and insight, power to understand the significance of groups of phenomena, and to think beyond what is actually known, as well as care and caution in verifying what is conceived and held tentatively until it is fully established by larger knowledge. Imagination is to the scientist what the lamp is on the cap of the miner: it enables him to see a little beyond the position occupied."

A sinless type of man as a modern possibility begins to creep into the public mind. Rev. John Watson, writing of his friend, Prof. Henry Drummond, in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, says that "of him, more than of any man known to me, it could be affirmed he did not know sin." Robert Hichens' last novel, *Flames* (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago), opens with a portrait of a stainless character, "the saint of Victoria Street." His friend and he dabble in occultism and the saint dies, his body being then ensouled by a human fiend of the most depraved description. An inverted *Faust*-drama follows in which the fair-faced, but evil, Mephisto succeeds in leading his companion to ruin, while the Marguerite, a girl of the streets, endeavors to avert his fate. There are but half a dozen characters in the 500 pages, but they are all remarkable studies, not excepting the wretched old procuress, while Dr. Levillier will remain in mind as one of the most charming of fictitious physicians. The book is very clever, abominably clever, and though vice is not attractive in it, but more hideous than ever, instead of having "gone so far down into the depths that lie beneath the feet of life," more might be gained for humanity and its ideals by working in higher levels. Mr. Hichens is quite capable of investing marble with interest as absorbing and profitable as he elicits for mud.

Owing to the early date of going to press the monthly magazines come too late for notice. THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST has in Mrs. Keightley's article on the *Bhagavad Gita* a suggestive comment on the passage "rain comes from sacrifice." It is as the creative agent that man affects surrounding nature. Grant Allen, who, independently of his materialism, or, as he would probably claim, on account of it, is one of the most careful of observers, in a recent article in LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE illustrates the fact that "an ocean of life surrounds the face of our planet." In this fluctuating garment of life man never ceases to exert an influence.

The Earth's Breath, the new volume of poems by "Æ," George W. Russell, is published by John Lane, London.

A. E. S. SMYTHE.

CORRESPONDENCE

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

TO the Editor :—Sir ; I was much interested by the Rev. Dr. Rexford's article in June THEOSOPHY on the subject of capital punishment. To my mind it is the most admirable collection of reasons for the abolition of this relic of barbarism that it has ever been my good fortune to see. Very naturally, not being a Theosophist, Dr. Rexford does not include in his paper the more especially theosophical arguments against capital punishment.

Perhaps the most important discovery of the more advanced psychologists of the day has been the practical demonstration of the power of thought, not only in technical experiments showing actual thought transferrence, but in studies of thought-epidemics and more particularly in that branch of criminology which has special reference to the power and influence of the waves of crime that sweep over the country from time to time. A realization of these truths will in time inevitably change the whole science of criminology, the whole method of treating our criminal classes; for once the true epidemic character of crime is determined, the punitive efforts of the state must be made with full cognizance of this result. Instead of doubling the tendency towards killing which is the present result of every punishment for murder, the state will be the first to recognize the necessity of doing the exact opposite.

Mr. Judge summarizes the question in the *Ocean of Theosophy* : " . . . those who are suddenly shot out of life by accident or murder, legal or illegal, pass a term almost equal to the length life would have been but for the sudden termination. These are not really dead. Before that natural end the principles are not able to separate. Obviously the normal destruction of the cohesive force cannot be brought about by mechanical processes except in respect to the physical body. Hence a suicide, or a person killed by accident or murdered by man or by order of human law, has not come to the natural termination of the cohesion among the other constituents, and is hurled into the Kama Loka [or next after-death] state only partly dead. There the remaining principles have to wait until the actual natural life term is reached, whether it be one month or sixty years. Some pass the period in great suffering, others in a dreamy sort of sleep, each according to the moral responsibility. But executed criminals are in general thrown out of life full of hate and revenge, smarting under a penalty they do not admit the justice of. They are ever rehearsing in Kama Loka their crime, their trial, their execution and their revenge. And whenever they can gain touch with a sensitive person, medium or not, they attempt to inject thoughts of murder and other crime into the brain of such unfortunate. And that they succeed in such attempts all the deeper students of Theosophy full well know."

JAMES S. JAMES, F.T.S.

NOTES ON THE CRUSADE.

To the Editor of THEOSOPHY.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: —Kindly insert the following communication to your readers and oblige Yours very fraternally,

(Signed) KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

Dear Readers :—On account of the urgent duties of my office, I am unable to prepare " Notes on the Crusade " for publication as promised.

The magazine THEOSOPHY was placed by Mr. Judge, and it is our duty to do all that lies in our power to advance its interests. It was the desire of H. P. Blavatsky and of W. Q. Judge, that we should have a weekly paper as well, and it is my hope that the *Theosophical News* will be well supported by all members of the Theosophical Society. Yours cordially,

(Signed) KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

[Ed.—Every earnest Theosophist will undoubtedly join Mrs. Tingley in wishing success and prosperity to the *News*, we hope to THEOSOPHY also.]

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

LOTUS HOME, a branch of the work of the International Brotherhood League, was formally opened by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley on July 5th. It was exactly one month before that she organized the plan for a summer home where some of the children of the tenement districts of New York could have fresh air and proper care.

The Home is located just across the Hudson River, opposite 125th Street, New York City. It stands on the beautiful Palisades and commands a fine view of the river. Over twenty-five children are already accommodated, besides the workers and helpers. Mrs. E. C. Mayer, Superintendent of the Children's work, is assisted by Miss Anna M. Stabler, the Superintendent of the Home. Many of the children at the Lotus Home are members of the Do Good Mission, organized by Mrs. Tingley before she was Leader of the Theosophical Movement.

The opening exercises were most interesting. Members from all the New York and neighboring Branches of the Theosophical Society were in attendance; also Robert Crosbie, Mme. Olivia Petersen and Miss M. L. Guild, from Boston, and Clarke Thurston, A. B. Griggs and C. H. Hopkins, from Providence. Several visitors, old friends of Mrs. Tingley, were also present. Dr. Robert A. Gunn, of New York, and Samuel E. Morss, ex-Consul-General to Paris, made eulogistic addresses on behalf of this humanitarian work. The other speakers were E. A. Neresheimer, E. T. Hargrove, Elliott B. Page, James Pryse, Robert Crosbie, Miss M. L. Guild and Rev. Williams. A. H. Spencer occupied the chair.

Mrs. Tingley had not intended to speak, but she responded to calls which were made for her from all the audience.

The meeting was held on the beautiful lawn, which was artistically decorated with bunting and lanterns. The scene was especially pretty in the evening, when there was a display of fireworks for the children. A photographer was in attendance and took views of the house and grounds and of the children in a group, with excellent results.

The proceedings were most harmonious and pervaded by a spirit of hearty sympathy on the part of those present.

JUNE 13TH, the anniversary of the departure of the Crusade was celebrated by nearly all the Branches of the Society throughout the country.

Many of the Branches have discontinued their public meetings during the hot weather but keep up their members' meetings. All Lotus Circle work, at Mrs. Tingley's suggestion, has been closed for the summer.

JAMES M. PRYSE arrived in New York on July 3d, his lecture tour having lasted over nine months. He brought good news of the work and of the steady progress being made in all sections of the country which he had visited. He deserves the most sincere congratulation on the success of his mission.

ROBERT CROSBIE lectured in Chicago, June 27th, before a large audience on "Theosophy the Salvation of Humanity." He afterwards visited Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Syracuse and did good work in each place. During his visit

to Chicago a Convention was being held by Theosophists—not members of the Society. But there were only small audiences present at the morning and afternoon sessions, Mr. Crosbie was informed. A lady of some prominence is reported to have made some friendly remarks concerning the Society in America —remarks of considerable significance in the light of her previous utterances of an opposite nature. Scepticism as to the cordiality of these overtures may be pardonable under the circumstances.

THE NEW ZEALAND letter this month contains a good account of the work. Another centre has been started with a good membership. It has been named the Katherine A. Tingley Centre. The young people's working class of about twenty girls do sewing for the poor, providing the materials themselves and distributing the garments when made, among the very poor. Thames Centre and Waitemata Centre are doing active work, meetings and classes being well attended.

THE T. S. IN NEW SOUTH WALES is as actively engaged in propaganda work as ever. Victoria, though not quite so active as the older Branch in Sydney, is nevertheless steadily pushing forward, the members in Melbourne working together most harmoniously. There seem to be prospects of forming a Branch in Perth, Western Australia.

IN INDIA the members continue to do their utmost to relieve their famine-stricken countrymen. Activity prevails in all the Branches and the assistance sent them by the Indian Bureau in New York, formed by Mrs. Tingley, is greatly appreciated.

GREAT PREPARATIONS are being made by the members in Sweden for the annual Convention of the T. S. in Europe which is to be held in Stockholm on August 8th and 9th. It is hoped that Mrs. K. A. Tingley will be able to attend, and she will make every effort to do so. The Scandinavians are most anxiously expecting her presence, as only a few of them were able to see her during the Crusade around the world. E. T. Hargrove left for England on July 14th. He will spend several days there before going on to Sweden. Prominent members from England, Ireland, Holland, France and Germany will be present at Stockholm.

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ÔM.

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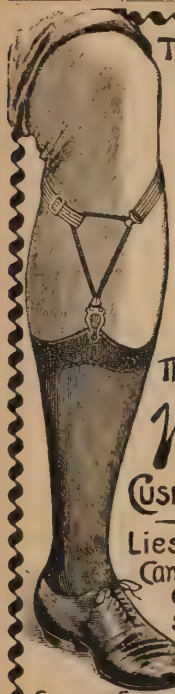

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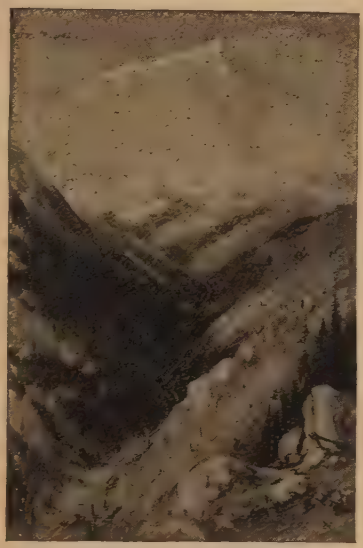

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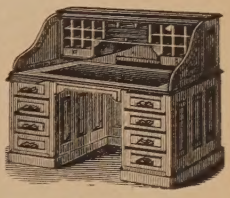

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603B		Fast Black.			3.00
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